

HOMER TRAVESTIE:

B E I N G A

New Burlesque TRANSLATION.

THE SECOND EDITION IMPROVED.

Dilucida & negligenter quoque audientibus aperta; ut in animum ratio tanquam sol in oculos, etiamsi in eam non intendatur, occurrat. Quare ut non intelligere possit sed ne omnino possit non intelligere curandum. QUINTIL.

If you would make a Speech, or write one,
Or get some Artift to indite one,
Don't think, because its understood
By Men of Sense, it's therefore good;
But let your Words so well be plann'd,
That Blockheads can't misunderstand.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR S. HOOPER, IN THE STRAND.
M DCC LXVII.

789

2012

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

WHEN Hector got upon the plain,
They fell to loggerheads again ;
Pallas, afraid Greece would not stand,
Came down to lend a helping hand :
Apollo 'spy'd her stealing down,
And met her pretty near the town.
After some compliments and prattle,
They both agree to cease the battle
For the remainder of that day,
But further Homer doth not say.
Hector advances with a boast
To challenge all the Grecian host,

VOL. II.

B

*Which scar'd 'em so confoundedly
That ev'ry mother's son let fly ;
Tho' nine at last their names put in,
After they'd wip'd their breeches clean.
When honest heavy Ajax got
By Nestor's management the lot ;
These two most doughty champions fight,
'Till parted by one Mrs. Night.
In a full council, Troy's old men
Think Helen best sent back again ;
But Paris swears he will not spare,
Of all her stock, one single hair
From any place ; but all her treasure
He'll give the Greeks, with treble measure.
Priam a bellman sends to offer
The Greeks this advantageous proffer ;
And likewise bad him tell their head men,
They wanted time to burn their dead men.
The Greeks when told of what had past,
Refuse the first, but grant the last,
After they'd burnt their dead men all,
The Greeks begin to build a wall ;
At which old Neptune 'gan to grumble,
'Till Jove declar'd it soon should tumble.
Tho' peals of thunder did them fright,
The hungry scoundrels eat all night.*

HOMER's ILIAD.

B O O K VII.

THUS spake this Trojan heart of oak,
And thundred thro' the gate like smoke.
His brother Paris follow'd close,
Resolv'd to give the Greeks a dose:
As when poor failors tir'd with towing,
And all their fingers gall'd with rowing,
Find Jove at last has not forgot 'em,
They cease to growl, and cry god rot 'em;
No more each two-legg'd bruin swears,
But lends the coming breeze three cheers.
Thus welcome are these roaring boys,
Both to the Dardan troops and Troy's;
And they who scarce the field could keep,
Now drive the Grecians on a heap.

4 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

No sooner Paris got his breath,
 But he Menestheus put to death.
 One 'Squire Areithous upon
 Fair Philomeda got his son ;
 By which our author meant to tell
 This son was got before he fell.
 Then one Eroneus was o'erthrown,
 And like a ninepin tumbl'd down ;
 An inch below his cap of steel,
 A thump from Hector made him feel ;
 Much stronger necks could not resist
 Such blows from Hector's mutton fist.
 Down tumbl'd he upon the plain,
 But never yet got up again ;
 Then almost in the very locus,
 Iphinous was slain by Glaucus ;
 The broomshaft's point his shoulder tore up
 Just as he set his foot i' th' stirrup,
 Which chang'd the intended motion soon
 From rising up to tumbling down.
 Minerva's guts began to grumble,
 To see her fav'rite Grecians tumble ;
 Headlong she dives, but wise Apollo
 Took care the gypsy's steps to follow.
 They met beneath a beachen shade,
 And after compliments were paid,
 As, Ma'am, your servant, how d'ye do ?
 Exceeding well, Sir, how do you ?

I should be glad, his godship cries,
To know why Pallas left the skies;
From heav'n your ladyship came down,
I guess, to crack some Trojan's crown:
Surely no joy Minerva feels,
But when the Trojans shew their heels.
I can but think thy heavy touch
Troy has already felt too much;
But cease thy wrath this day, and soon
These wooden tow'rs shall tumble down,
Since two celestial brims conspire
To set the good old town on fire.

When thus the blue-ey'd Pallas said,
You've hit the very nail o' th' head.
With this design I came, but how
To get the roysters parted now
Is all I want; for such a clatter
They keep, whilst blood and guts they scatter,
That Stentor with his brazen lungs,
Or Fame with all her hundred tongues,
One word amongst 'em cannot wedge,
Tho' set with e'er so sharp an edge;
Then how should I? for, without flatt'ring,
You know I ne'er was fam'd for chatt'ring.

To her replies the sage Apollo,
I know a scheme, which if you follow,
The deed is done, I'll pawn my soul;
Inspire you Hector's jobbernoul

6 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

The foremost of the foe to seek,
And challenge out the bravest Greek,
To finish this most furious day
With quarter-staff and cudgel play,
'Till Greece, desirous to abase him,
Shall find some hard-skull'd knave to face him.

This bargain made, they disappear'd ;
But Helenus their chat o'erheard ;
The breast of Hector straight he fir'd,
By telling him he was inspir'd.

Observe, says he, thou daring youth,
The words I speak, they're gospel truth !
Go to the foremost ranks, and stay
Both sides from fighting more to-day ;
Then challenge, tho' the Greeks should stare,
Their best backsword or cudgel play'r ;
And be assured, once for all,
This day Old Nick wont let you fall.

He said, and Hector march'd along
To stay the Greek and Trojan throng.
The troops he stop'd both far and near,
By flourishing his staff in air.
'The Greek commander at the fight,
Order'd his knaves to cease the fight.

Apollo and the fighting lass
Were pleas'd to find their scheme take place.
Like jackdaws on the beach they fate,
'To see which broke the other's pate,

HOMER'S ILIAD.

7

The troops were glad, as well they might,
To rest, and let their leaders fight.

'Twould please you much to see how soon
The rabble threw their broomstuffs down,
And then, with all convenient haste,
Their buttocks on the ground they plac'd.

As when a darkness spreads the streets,
One drunkard with another meets,
They roll, and mighty pother keep,
'Till both i' th' kennel fall asleep.

Thus by degrees the croud all round
Settle themselves upon the ground;
When Hector, with a thund'ring speech,
Made half the Grecians daub their breech.

“ Ye Grecians, and ye Trojans, hear
What I am order'd to declare :

Old cross-grain'd Jove's averse to peace,
And swears our broils shall never cease;
But orders war to rage anew,

'Till you burn us, or we burn you :
Better to end it soon than late,

Or make a peace *inadequate* :

Therefore with both your ears attend ;

'Tis Hector counsels as a friend

To save more blood : find out a knight

That dares with valiant Hector fight ;

If I should drop by chance of war,

My doublet falls to the conq'ror's share,

8 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

And all my spoil ; my carcass tho',
 Amongst my friends to Troy must go,
 There to be burnt ; and whilst it's frying
 They'll make a concert up of crying :
 But if, by Phœbus' aid, my thrust
 Shall lay your champion in the dust,
 The dictates of my mind I'll follow,
 And give his jacket to Apollo ;
 He surely has best title to't,
 For helping me so often out :
 His batter'd carcass I will save
 For which his friend may dig a grave
 On the sea shore, and o'er his bones
 Lay one of Carr's black marble stones,
 Which, when some honest tar shall see,
 As he returns from smuggling tea,
 Thus to himself poor Jack will cry,
 (Belching a soft Geneva sigh)
 Here lies, beneath this stone so polish'd,
 A Greek, by Hector's staff demolish'd ;
 The stone acquaints us with the deed ;
 I'd tell his name if I could read.

This speech so scar'd the Grecian prigs,
 They star'd about 'em like stuck pigs :
 When Menelau, of all the throng,
 First found his feet, and then his tongue ;
 For jumping up from off his breech,
 He thus began a furious speech :

Ye men of Greece, why all this trimming?
Nay hold, I mean ye Grecian women,
What shame! when half the world shall hear
Ye all bepist yourselves for fear
That Greece had not one bold protector
Durst fight this bullying scrub, this Hector;
But I will fight him you shall see,
Tho' he's as tall again as me;
And by that time ye ev'ry one,
May change, perhaps, from wood to stone.
This speech of speeches being done,
His greasy buffcoat he put on;
Wrath fill'd him with a strong desire
To run his fingers into th' fire,
Had he the fate of battle try'd
Hector had surely trim'd his hide;
But all at once these Grecian cornets,
As if attack'd by wasps or hornets,
Start up with one consent to speak,
And stop this over-valiant Greek;
Resolv'd to save the furious Spartan
From being sorely drubb'd for certain;
Atrides, upon this occasion,
Compos'd a very fine oration.

He clinch'd his fist, and thus began:
The devil sure is in the man:
Burn my old wigg, but you are going
To tumble headlong on your ruin.

10 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

You've no more chance, I'll make't appear,
Than Jackson's mastiff with a bear,
Vext tho' thou art, and ought to be,
Hector's an over-match for thee.

Achilles self, were not his cloaths
So thick they keep him safe from blows,
Would think it far the lesser evil
To be obliged to fight the devil.

Stay then secure, or lie in bed,
We'll find a chief with thicker head ;
'Tho' pleas'd the stoutest on the lawn
Would be to have the battle drawn,
Should he this bully rock engage
On Broughton's or on any stage,

He spoke, and honest Menclau
Was glad at heart he need not go,
But kept his cheeks upon the puff,
'Till they had lugg'd his doublet off ;
When the old cock with froth and flaver
Began, as usual, his pallaver :

O Grecian princes ! what's the matter,
That thus I hear your grinders chatter ?
Poor Greece now weeps to see each son
By one bluff Trojan thus run down.
Old Peleus us'd to hear with joy,
How well ye drubb'd these sons of Troy ;
And thought he ne'er could hear enough,
How Jack could kick, and Ned could cuff.

But lord ! how will th' old fellow fret
To find one Trojan makes ye sweat !
What grievous tears will he let fall,
And wish the d——I had ye all !
O ! that the gods, to try my mettle,
Would boil me in Medea's kettle ;
Then lend me health and strength in plenty,
Such as I had at five-and-twenty,
When I broke all th' Arcadian spears,
And made the scoundrels hang their ears.
One Eruthelion at that place
Had bought a rusty iron mace
O'th' mayor of Hedon, who had got
A new one giv'n for his vote.
This, Areithous first did handle !
Just as I would a farthing candle ;
With this he smash'd the boldest foe,
But scorn'd a broomshaft or a bow.
Yet one Lycurgus came, and soon
With his thick broomstick knock'd him down.
Down tumbld he in rueful case,
On which Lycurgus seiz'd his mace ;
But, living 'till he grew quite blind,
The dreadful weapon he resign'd
To Eruthalion, who would break
Above a hundred pates a week.
This he for sev'ral weeks had done,
Which made our people sweat and run.

12 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

All ran but me, I scorn'd to flinch ;
 Tho' youngest, would not budge an inch.
 This man, whom all the county fear'd,
 I met, and took him by the beard,
 And knock'd him down ; but, when he fell,
 I know you'll stare at what I tell,
 But I'll make oath 'fore justice Baker,
 When down, he cover'd half an acre.
 Were I just now but half as strong,
 Hector should not stand hec't'ring long ;
 But you that are young men in vigour,
 All join to cut a special figure.
 If you daren't fight the man e'en say ;
 Don't trembling stand, but run away.
 If you can't keep your breeches dry,
 You'd better as you run let fly ;
 Unless you fancy Hector may,
 If you in such condition stay,
 First stop his nose, then run away.

This drolling speech o'th' queer old wight
 Made 'em all scratch where't did not bite.
 So eager now they grew to smite him,
 That nine jump'd up and swore they'd fight
 him.

Great Agamemnon swore and curst,
 And damn'd his eyes but he'd be first ;
 At which bold Diomed was vext,
 But swore by Pallas he'd be next.

Ajax, who seldom spoke a word,
Roars out, By Jove I'll be the third.
'Cause Agamemnon swore in passion,
Ajax thought swearing was the fashion.
The bold Oileus too was there,
Who swore by g-d he would not swear:
Ajax, says he, is third, don't part us,
But put my name in *locus quartus*.
Idomeneus, tho' not so swift
As brave Oileus, came in fifth.
I'th' crowd Euripylus then mixt,
And swore by Mars he would be sixth:
On which Merion shew'd his face,
And vow'd he'd have the seventh place.
Bold Thoas was a man of weight,
So they allow'd him place the eighth.
The sly Ulysses hung an a---,
But came at last and clos'd the farce.
The motion felt at first for sh—
Was strangely chang'd to one for fighting
When Nestor found his speech succeed,
He spoke again: My boys, take heed,
You'd like to've quarrell'd who should run
first,
And now each wishes he'd begun first:
But, to prevent all future diff'rence
About our giving one the pref'rence,

14 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

I'd have you take the good advice
Of Sancho's * lawyer, box and dice ;
And it shall be his lot to go,
That trundles out the highest throw.
Whoe'er he be, the valiant buck
Will think himself in hellish † luck.

He spoke, and then his case unlocks,
And out he lugs both dice and box.
The bullies then begin to pray,
But, on my soul, 'tis hard to say
Whether to lose or win the day ;
But all in secret with one thing,
That Ajax muddy head might win.
Atrides then his elbows shak'd,
'Tho' inwardly his gizzard quak'd :

* Cervantes tells us, if I remember right, that Sancho Pancho, after hearing the cause on both sides with wonderful attention, and taken a little time to digest the learned debates, pull'd out his box and dice to decide the matter, and the highest throw won the cause, which gave great content. If our j-dg-s would but follow his example, it would prevent their being so often interrupted in their nap, as they need be disturbed but once in a cause.

† Whether Nestor means good or bad luck by the word hellish we must refer to the bucks of this age, because by them the word is used indifferently for both good and bad.

But soon he was reliev'd this bout,
For Nestor cries, Aums ace, you're out.
Then Ajax grasps his clumsy fist,
And gives the box a dev'lish twist.
Out pops the dice, cries Nestor---Seven
'S the main; a nick, by Jove, eleven.
Another throw then Ajax tries,
Eight is the main old Nestor cries;
Resolv'd his jobbernoul to cozen,
Roars out, another nick, a dozen.
And so it might I swear and vow,
For aught that honest Ajax knew,
Who took on trust whate'er was done,
So whip'd his fighting jacket on,
Whilst all the rest could hardly help
From laughing at the thick-scall'd whelp.

O warriors! cries this head of cod,
I'll smoke great Hector's hide by g-d;
But lend me first each man a pray'r,
So low the Trojans may not hear:
But let 'em hear, on recollection,
To pray is no such great reflection,
No mortal scrub on earth dare say
That I'm afraid because I pray.
In days of old, tho' 'twas but rare,
Men brave as me have said a pray'r.
Shew me the man, alive or dead,
That valiant Ajax ought to dread:

16 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

Not Warwick's ever-dreadful earl,
Whose arm so huge a club could whirl,
That ancient authors tell you how
He kill'd a monstrous great dun cow.
Was he alive, I make no doubt
To kill him, and his cow to boot.
In Salamis my mother bore me,
To drive the trembling world before me.

He said no more, but on the stones
Fell down upon his marrow-bones.
His comrades too perform their parts,
And club their pray'rs with all their hearts.
O father Jove ! whose greatest pride a
Is whoring on the mountain Ida !
Now grant that honest Ajax may
Give the first broken head to-day :
But, if thou guard'st this Trojan spawn,
Then grant the battle may be drawn,
That, as they fight for fame, not profit,
They both may claim the honour of it.

Now Ajax, 'cause the coat he put on
Was left without a single button,
To keep it tight about his waist,
With a rope's end he ty'd it fast ;
Then like a Spaniard struts, who prides
To shew his wrath in mighty strides.
Great joy ran thro' the Grecian bands,
Tho' his hands shak'd like drunken Rand's :

And, whilst he was the Trojan eyeing,
 He grinn'd to keep himself from crying.
 The Greeks were humn'd, and Troy besides
 Was scar'd to see him take such strides.
 Hector himself was wond'ring that
 His mighty heart went pit-a-pat ;
 Though now there was no time to take,
 But he must brew as well as bake.
 Ajax behind his shield did keep,
 Vent'ring but now and then to peep.
 A dev'lish thumping shield it was,
 'Twould load an English ox or ass :
 Look Scotland thro' till you are blind,
 So large a targe you'll hardly find.
 Seven good tup-skins as you could wish
 Cover'd a large old pewter dish.
 One Tychius there dwelt in Hyle,
 Where workmen finish'd work most vilely ;
 But this old leather man, they tell,
 Could oil his tup-skins very well.
 He made this shield which Ajax bore,
 And loud behind was heard to roar,
 Hector, come here, and I shall try,
 Who cudgels best, or you, or I.
 Achilles dare not come, who cares ?
 You see as good a man that dares.
 Let him sit sulky, if he will ;
 His place great Ajax self dares fill.

18 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

Bold hearts like me we have good store ;
At least there's half a dozen more,
That any hour o'th' day are willing
To box for six-pence or a shilling ;
Nay, some for half a crown will try,
When cash and courage both run high.
So, let me lose the day or win,
Here I stand ready to begin.

Hector replies, Great son of Tel.
You seem to talk it mighty well.
Surely you take the rock of Troy
For an old woman or a boy,
Or else, perhaps, a wood-born fowl
That's frighten'd when he sees an owl :
But I'll convince you, to your cost,
You reckon now without your host.
I know your fiercest blows to ward,
And to maintain St. George's guard,
To bruise the pate or any part ;
But now I shall not use my art :
By downright strength I'll try my fate,
But scorn to steal a broken pate.

At this his quarter-staff he rears,
And laid about the Grecian's ears.
His nob he gave a swinging knock,
But might as well have hit a rock.
Ajax then drove at Hector's crown,
Who flinch'd, or else he'd knock'd him down :

So vastly furious was the stroke,
Both quarter-staves to pieces broke.
The cudgels next the bullies try,
And baste each other hip and thigh;
Fierce as two squabbling lawyers prate,
Or two fish wives at Billingsgate.
Their clatt'ring rage receiv'd no check,
'Till Hector got a scratch i'th' neck.
His wrath to see his blood run down
Made him let fly a thumping stone,
Which hit and bounc'd from Ajax head,
As if of brass it had been made:
But Ajax threw with such a shock
A craggy ragged piece of rock,
And aim'd the stone so well, that he
Almost demolish'd Hector's knee.
Hector was glad to lean upon
His potlid, else he'd tumbled down:
But Sol, who always did attend him,
Brought him a dram of rum to mend him.
Andrew Ferara's next the world,
For each had got a highland sword,
Which when they flourish'd in the air,
The glitt'ring blades made people stare.
Just as they met to cut and slash,
And of their bodies make a hash,
The seconds both pop'd in, and swore
For that bout they should fight no more.

down:

20 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

Talthybius was the Grecian's second,
Idæus Hector's friend was reckon'd,
(Both constables and cunning knaves)
Betwixt the swords they thrust they staves.
Idæus first began to speak,
For he had learnt a little Greek :

Forbear, my buffs, your further fray,
Jove says ye fight no more to-day ;
No more of bus'ness can be done,
Because the day's already gone.

Now Ajax, who was cock-a-hoop
Because he could with Hector cope,
Answers : To Hector, pray Sir, speak,
He challeng'd forth the boldest Greek.
If he should tell me it is night,
And therefore time to end the fight,
I'll do't ; but he you'll own, my friend,
That first begun, the first should end.

Then Hector speaks : Great Sir, you're
right,
And, if you dare but trust your fight,
By looking sharp, you'll see it's night ;
And you and all the people know
To box at night's against the law :
For want of light we by surprize
Might knock out one another's eyes.
So let's decide some other day
Who's the best man at cudgel-play.

Thou to thy trusty Greeks advance,
At thy escape they'll sing and dance ;
Whilst all the good old wives in Troy
At my escape will jump for joy.
But let us make, this glorious day,
Some sort of swap, that folks may say
These souls were neither whig nor tory,
But battled for their country's glory.

With that a sword he gave, whose hilt
Was made of brass, but double gilt.

This gift did Ajax stomach melt
So much, he gave his best buff belt.

Then with a Spanish air those twain
Majestic strutted off the plain.

Hector, at his return to Troy,
Did really make 'em jump for joy :

They star'd, but yet the better half
Came up to feel if he was safe.

re } Poor Ajax was swell'd up and puff'd,
Like a black pudding over stuff'd.

} In this queer trim the Grecians bring

The puff'd-up hero to the king,

Who, far from thinking 'twas a man,

Thought they had dress'd a sack of bran

In Ajax cloaths ; but, being fully,

Convinc'd it was the very bully,

He order'd for this champion bold

To kill a bullock five years old.

22 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

'Twas done almost as soon as said ;
 The quarters roasted ; table spread.
 The king of kings himself took care
 To deal each hungry knave his share ;
 But this same Ajax for his supper
 Eat the sirloin and half the crupper,
 By which you'll think, and think aright,
 The man could eat as well as fight.
 When they had stuff'd their bellies full,
 And drank each man a hearty pull,
 Nestor begins, who never long
 Was known to hold his noisy tongue :

It grieves my very guts to say
 That this has been a dismal day,
 But faith it was ; upon the shore
 A dozen hearty cocks, or more,
 Were on their backs by Hector laid,
 And half of them quite knock'd o' th' head.
 Whilst we are drown'd in grief and sorrow,
 How can we think to fight to-morrow ?
 A little time should sure be found
 To get our dead men under ground :
 Which if we don't, I know full well,
 They'll quickly make a curst smell ;
 To Hector's drubs we need not yield,
 Our friends will stink us off the field.
 When we have got them under ground,
 Both rotten carcases and found,

Each man shall have a handsome stone
For babes to cry or piss upon.
And next I must advise ye all
To dig a ditch and build a wall,
Our huts and lighters to secure
From that damn'd Trojan spawn of whore,
With good strong gates, that, if the rout
Should come too near, we'll bolt 'em out;
Upon the walls build tow'rs, and prop 'em:
The devil's in't, if that don't stop 'em.
We then may boldly face the foe,
And when we run know where to go.
For want of this, if we are beat,
They'll fouse us all, and burn the fleet.
Thus spake this queer old Grecian wight,
And all the captains thought him right.
In the mean time the Trojan peers
Were met, and almost got by th' ears.
Tho' sore afraid, this crew so factious
Could not refrain from being fractious:
All order they despis'd or summons,
Just like an English house of ———.
At last the grave Antenor rose,
And strove their diff'rence to compose.
What I shall utter is no merit,
Tis inspiration of the spirit,
Says this old cuff: restore but Hellen,
And we our our houses safe may dwell in;

24 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

Let Hellen and her money go,
 To please the cuckold Menelau,
 With all belongs her head or tail;
 Don't keep the paring of a nail.
 If Paris hath not got enough
 Of trimming her bewitching buff,
 But longs to switch the gipsy still,
 You'll own with me he never will;
 Then must be forc'd, and so I vote
 To do the very thing he ought.
 We broke the truce, Atrides swore it,
 And Jupiter will pelt us for it.
 Then stay not to be bidden twice,
 But take for once a fool's advice.

'Th' old Trojan spoke and down he sat,
 When Paris rose and twirl'd his hat:
 You say your speech must claim no merit,
 'Tis inspiration of the spirit;
 But, if the matter I can handle,
 A canting quaker's farthing candle,
 Twinkling within him, gives more light
 Than this of yours that burns so bright.
 When young perhaps you might be wise;
 Wisdom decays as well as eyes.
 You think that I have had enough
 Of working Hellen's heav'nly buff.
 The thought is mighty well for you,
 For whom three times a year might do;

But Helen ne'er shall quit my hand,
So long as I can go or stand.
As for the money that she brought
From Greece, I scorn to touch a groat;
It lies with his tobacco-stopper,
(Five pounds in silver, three in copper)
In an old trunk, with some old gear
I never yet would let her wear:
Let Menelaus touch the pelf,
I only want to touch herself.
Besides, I'll pay him for the touch,
And give him twenty times as much
From my own stock as she brought with her
When first she came from Sparta hither;
But e're she goes, by holy Paul,
I'll see the devil fetch ye all.
Priam, who fear'd by all this rout
His trusty Trojans might fall out,
Rose up to speak; the crew so vi'lent
Had the good manners to be silent:

“ Ye gen'rous souls that round me sit,
What think ye if we eat a bit?

Then guard the walls, and all the night
Look sharp to see affairs kept right.

To the Greek captains, our intention
A bellman in the morn shall mention,
And tell 'em it will be of use

For some few days to have a truce,

26 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

That those that on the ground are laid
May be examin'd; if they're dead
A good strong coffin we'll insure 'em,
But if alive we'll strive to cure 'em;
And then with all our might and main
We'll buckle to't, and fight again."

Soon as the Trojan king had said,
Each seiz'd a piece of cheese and bread;
They look'd for neither boil'd nor roast,
But eat their luncheon at their post.
An hour before the sun got up,
Idæus to the camp did pop;
He found the chief, his friends, and brother,
Looking as wise at one another
As justices, when on the bench
They try some poor unlucky wench,
And make the jade at bridewell yelp
For breeding brats without their help:
The bellman tinkl'd first his bell,
And then began his tale to tell.

Ye Grecian constables, I pray
Lend all your ears to what I say;
And from my soul I wish, to ease ye,
That ev'ry word I speak may please ye:
The good old Trojan lets ye know,
What Paris will, and will not do:
He will, with very large increase,
Give ev'ry stiver brought from Greece,

(I wish the whore and rogue both drown'd
 Before they touch'd the Trojan ground)
 And if he can but peace restore,
 Will doubl' it ten times o'er and o'er.
 This he will do, but bid me tell ye
 He'll never part with lovely Nelly:
 Helen, says he, sha'n't quit my hand,
 So long as I can go or stand.
 Next I'm to say, 'twill be of use
 For some few days to have a truce,
 That those who lie in honour's bed,
 If they are fairly knock'd o' th' head,
 May be fought out, and when they're found
 Be decently put under ground;
 And then with all our might and main,
 If so ye like, we'll fight again:
 But who shall drub the other well,
 The lord above can only tell.

All the Greek chiefs, by what appears,
 Heard ev'ry word with both their ears;
 But, like a modern bill in chancer,
 They took some time to give an answer.
 This did Tydides' rage provoke,
 Who rose, and as he rose he spoke:

Zooks! you would make a parson swear,
 To see ye all thus gape and stare!
 What signifies their money now,
 Tho' they would give us Helen too?

28 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

You see we've shook their wooden tow'rs;
Drub 'em, and turn 'em out of doors,
And then of course their pelf is ours. }

The Greeks approv'd this short oration,
And, gaping, shout their approbation.
Atrides then the peace rejects,
But sends to Priam his respects:

You hear, good Sir, the shouts of Greece
Are to a man against this peace.
As much as you all broils we hate,
But think the peace *inadequate*:
'Tho' you have leave to search about
The field, to find your dead men out,
Take care that o'er and o'er you turn 'em,
Don't bury them alive, or burn 'em:
And tho' no certain time's requested,
Depend you shall not be molested.
He then, to shew he meant 'em fair,
Flourish'd his broomshaft in the air.
On this the crier trots away
To Troy, to tell 'em what they say.
The Trojan boys were got together,
Like flocks of birds in frosty weather,
Thus gather'd on a heap he caught 'em,
Waiting to hear what news he brought 'em.
Finding there was no time to spare,
He hem'd to make his throttle clear.

They instant leave him room to enter,
 And place him in the very center,
 From whence he with a crier's voice
 (Where words are mostly drown'd in noise)
 His speech deliver'd full as clear
 As any crier you shall hear :

The Grecian captains, from their tents,
 To Priam send their compliments.
 From peace they all desire excuse,
 But willingly agree to truce :
 And bid me say, you'll never thrive,
 If you your dead men burn alive.

The Trojans upon this thought good
 To buy some loads of billet wood :
 But to the Greeks no man would sell it,
 So the poor dogs were forc'd to sell it,
 And instantly began to cleave
 Without th' lord o' th' manor's leave ;
 But I can tell 'em, had they then
 Been caught by Justice F——d——g's men,
 They'd soon have known such kind of dealing
 Is what we London cits call stealing.
 The sun had wash'd his fiery face,
 And greas'd his wheels to run his race :
 When Greeks and Trojans look about
 To find who'd got their brains knock'd out ;
 But neither side had time to weep,
 'Till they were gather'd on a heap.

30 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

The Trojans then to burning fall,
And made one crying serve 'em all.
The Grecians thought th' example good,
So out they lugg'd their stolen wood;
Then laid the bodies in their places,
And fell to making d——d wry faces.
When they were burnt as black as coal,
One lousy tombstone serv'd 'em all.
This done, with might and main they fall
To dig a ditch, and build a wall,
Which Nestor thought was very meet
To guard their almost-rotten fleet.
Upon the walls these Grecian powers
Erected what themselves call'd towers:
But in these days our modern doxies
Would call them hobbling watchmen's boxes.
Some baker's billets next they took,
The sharpen'd points did outward look,
The blunt-end stuck in earth; and these
The Grecians call chevaux de frize;
Whilst thus the Greeks their labour kept on,
They rather discomfrontl'd Neptune.
As near to surly Jove he sat,
Brother, says he, I'll tell you what!
If Greece should finish yon mud wall,
And those I built for Troy should fall,
This wall will be remember'd longer,
Tho' those I built were so much stronger.

This, by my soul, I shall not like !
Ha' done, says Jove, thou wrangling tike !
Thou admiral of the sea ! and let
A mortal work thy gullet fret ;
I love that much ; but cease to grumble,
These walls of mud shall quickly tumble.
No bantling that's unborn shall view
A stick of what they're doing now.
Thy waves shall sap the bottom soon,
Or Bridewell-boys shall piss 'em down.
Whilst thus they fratch'd, the Greeks were
getting

Just finish'd, as the son was setting ;
And then the hungry sons of whores
Butcher'd their bulls and cows by scores ;
The fat surloins on spits they put,
But smoke their gods with tripe and gut.
Just as they clapp'd 'em on their crupper
To eat this great uncommon supper,
They 'spy'd a lighter under sail,
Loaded with beer and Burton ale,
Which came i' th' nick to cheer their souls,
And fill their empty skins and bowls ;
Eunæus did the ale procure,
For he was only small-beer brewer ;
A cask of both sorts did he send
A present for the king his friend ;

32 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

The rest the Grecian captains bought,
To pay for which, our author thought,
Some pawn'd a shirt, and some a coat.
In feasting all their cares were sunk,
And ev'ry noble chief got drunk ;
But they had made a woeful b'under,
For Jove they pinch'd, who growl'd like
thunder,
Which scar'd the drunken rogues so fore,
They spill'd their liquor on the floor ;
And in the midst of all their airs,
Forgot their oaths to say their pray'rs,
And beg such coil he would not keep,
But let the maudlin knaves go sleep.

END OF BOOK IV.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

*J*OVE calls his under-strappers round him,
And in a dev'lish rage they found him.
I charge you ev'ry soul, says Jove,
You don't a single finger move
To help yond rascals that are fratching,
And monkey like, each other scratching.
Who'er o'ends, observe me well,
I'll singe the scoundrel's locks in hell:
Yet for all this, that cunning brim,
The jade, Minerva, wheedles him

*To let her, at a season fit,
Advise the Greeks a little bit.
No sooner had the mortal varlets
Began to squabble 'bout their harlots,
Bumping each others guts and sides,
When Jove away to Ida rides;
There borrowing C----x the grocer's scales,
He weighs,---The Trojan luck prevails.
On which, with thunder, hail, and rain,
He smok'd the Grecians off the plain.
Old Nestor only chose to stay,
Because he could not run away;
But Diomed soon brought him help,
And sav'd this queer old chatt'ring whelp.
Then Juno, ever restless, seeks
To make old Neptune help her Greeks.
Neptune, who knew the wheedling witch,
Answers her bluntly, No, you bitch..
Teucer comes next, his art to shew;
He shot a special good long bow:
But Hector stops the knave's career,
And sent him with a flea in's ear.
Pallas and Juno steal away
To help the Grecians in the fray:
But quickly Iris made 'em pack
To heav'n in no small hurry back.*

A R G U M E N T. 35

*Now whilst they sweat, the goddess Night
Arrives, and parts the bloody fight.
Altho', 'e're she could part 'em all,
The Greeks were drove behind their wall.
The Trojans burn good fires 'till day,
For fear the Greeks should run away.*

HOMER's ILIAD.

B O O K VIII.

AURORA was the skies adorning,
Or in plain English, it was morning;
When Jove upon his woolpack seated,
His moody-looking senate greeted.
They ey'd him all with fearful look,
And their teeth chatter'd as he spoke.

Ye underlins of state give ear
To what I either say or swear;
Good heed to what I utter take ye,
Or by the living g---d I'll make ye :
Don't be such fools as think that ye
Shall make me change a fixt decree ;
Therefore, if any busy knave
Shall but attempt one soul to save,

Or lend his help to either side,
Be sure I'll pepper well his hide.
He shall receive from some strong tar
Three dozen at the capstern bar ;
Or, in my furious wrath, pell-mell,
I'll kick the scoundrel down to hell ;
To red-hot brazen doors I'll hook him,
And, like a rat, with brimstone smoke him :
Join all together, if ye will,
And try your utmost strength and skill ;
As easily I can yeouse
As nitty taylors crack a louse ;
But if you chuse with me to cope,
I'll let you down this good new rope ;
Hang at one end both great and small,
And add to that Westminster-Hall,
With lawyers, witnesses, and jury,
This hand can lift 'em, I assure ye ;
Tho' in that place I know 'tis said
There's many a solid heavy head.

'Twas thus the moody thund'rer spoke,
And all the crew like aspin shook :
Yet, for all this, that cunning jade
His bastard, call'd the blue-ey'd maid,
Maugre his blust'ring and his strutting,
Ventur'd a word or two to put in.
I know, says Madam Pall. they are
Confounded stupid dogs that dare

38 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

Oppose your worship's will ; such blocks
Ought to be flogg'd, or set i' th' stocks ;
But yet the Grecians' woeful ditty,
Pray don't be angry if I pity ;
And tho' you'll set us in the stocks
If we on either side should box,
Yet let Minerva's council pray
Advise 'em when to run away ;
Else they, not knowing what to do,
May get their ribs beat black and blue.

The thund'rer smil'd, and told the jade,
She need not be so much afraid,
For tho' he knew it did her good
To move and circulate her blood,
And therefore now and then might stir her,
Yet he had still a kindness for her.
Then bid his nags, with hoofs of brass,
And sorrel manes, be fetch'd from grass :
These tits, one Friday afternoon,
Jove purchas'd of a Yorkshire loon
In Smithfield, with great care, and yet
Got most abominably bit ;
Neither of those he laid his hand on,
Had got a single foot to stand on.
When Vulcan saw his dad was bit,
He on a rare expedient hit ;
And pray what may you think it was ?
Why faith to case their hoofs with brass :

Had he not found this way to do't,
Old Thund'rer might have walk'd on foot,
As he had got no cash to spare
To go and buy another pair.

Soon as the geldings did approach,
He yok'd 'em to a flaming coach,
Which Vulcan made that very year
The first was built for our lord mayor,
From which the god took his design,
And made it clumsy, strong, and fine.

Jove, with a hackney coachman's whip,
Soon made his batter'd geldings skip.

Whilst down the hill like smoke they run,
The god had plac'd himself upon
A three-legg'd stool they call'd a throne,
Nor did his godship stay or stop,
'Till he arriv'd on Ida's top;

There he forsook his coach to trudge it
On foot, but first from out the budget
He pull'd some hay, with which he feasts
His tits; good coachmen mind their beasts:

Then turning, and about him looking,
He saw some priests his dinner cooking,
On which, a little time to kill,

He sat him down o' th' top o' th' hill;
But first he fixt o' th' edge o' th' slope
Hooper's reflecting telescope,

40 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

By which he saw, when pointed down,
 All their rogues tricks within the town,
 And turning it the least aside,
 Their rogue'ry in the boats espy'd,
 And found that both in boats and towers,
 The men were rogues, and women whores.
 And now the Greeks made wond'rous haste
 To get their slaves, and break their fast;
 They thought to spit their malice fasting
 Would look like rancour everlasting,
 So never fail'd before a fight
 Of something good to take a bite,
 But did not, as our trainbands do,
 Provide a bit for dinner too;
 And pocket store of hard boil'd eggs,
 With penny-rolls and chicken legs.
 The Trojans too, with nettle porridge,
 Had warm'd their stomachs and their courage
 The gates once open, out they rattle,
 And men and horses smoke to battle;
 Spread o'er the plain, and fill the roads
 With fighting fellows by cart loads,
 Then fall to loggerheads slap dash,
 And cudgels against cudgels clash:
 In streams the blood and snivel flows
 From many a Grecian's snotty nose,
 And many a trusty Trojan's too;
 In such great show'rs the broomsticks flew.

A woeful lamentation spreads
From batter'd crowns and broken heads ;
And tho' this fray began so soon,
It lasted all the morn 'till noon ;
But when the mid-day sun prevails,
Jove borrows * Cox the grocer's scales :
With steady hand th' old whoring boy
Ballanc'd the fate of Greece and Troy.
This day the Grecian fortune fails,
Tho' weigh'd by these impartial scales;
Then instantly Jove's thunder roars,
And all their ale and porter fours ;
Demeneus would not stay,
And both Ajaces ran away :
Poor Agamemnon, parch'd with thirst,
Can, tho' he did not run the first ;
Old Nestor only fac'd the foe,
And stay'd, because he could not go.
Paris had with resistless force
Hamstring'd his best flea-bitten horse ;
Nestor with speed untied the braces,
And cut the ropes that serv'd for traces :

* This man was a justice of the peace. Whilst
his clerk was writing a mittimus to send a girl to
Newgate, for retailing her ware full measure for a
penny a turn, he had his own weights broke in pieces
by the jury, and thrown into the street, for being short
above two ounces in the pound.

42 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

This the old Grecian scarce had done,
When Hector furiously came on,
And ten to one had been so civil
As send old greybeard to the devil ;
But Diomed, who was no stranger
To Hector, saw th' old fellow's danger.
Forward he sprung, and call'd upon,
Ulysses, who like wildfire run.

Pr'ythee, says he, don't further fly
Amongst that mongrel heartless fry,
For fear some Trojan thief should crack
Thy paper skull behind thy back :
Nestor's in danger, pr'ythee meet us,
Or Hector gives him his quietus.
Ulysses, when he heard that Nestor
Was in a scrape, ran ten times faster ;
O'er the deep sand flew helter skelter,
And leap'd on board his boat for shelter :
Nor did the honest statesman grieve
His brother in the lurch to leave ;
But Diomed, tho' he was gone,
Ventur'd to help th' old cock alone.
From off his cart a jump he took ;
Then stopp'd the horses whilst he spoke :

Old bluff, says he, you well may gape,
You're got into a cursed scrape.
This furious whelp, this Hector surely
May smash your rotten bones securely :

Thy horses are but slow and poor,
Can't trot a mile in half an hour.
Then haste, old boy, and mount my cart ;
I value Hector not a fart :
Do you but guide the horses right,
And if it comes to blows I'll fight ;
Mind but my nags, they'll run, by Mars,
As if the de'el was at their arse.
One misty day, when none could see us,
We stole these horses from Æneas.
Then leave thy shabby tits, don't mind 'em,
Some of our straggling crew will find 'em ;
With these we'll let the Trojan meet us,
We can but run if he should beat us.
Old Nestor chuckl'd at his heart,
To find his friend had brought his cart ;
Quickly, without or stay or stop,
He made a shift to tumble up :
His own old yawds *, so lank and bare,
He left to two skip-kennel's care ;
And care no doubt the backward ways
They took, as skips do now-a-days.
Old Nestor drove, for he was carter,
Full speed to meet this Trojan tartar.
Tydides aim'd at Hector's crown ;
It miss'd, but brought his coachman down.

* Yorkshire word for horses.

44 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

Hector no nearer could approach
 For want of one to drive his coach ;
 Behind the carriage he retired
 'Till a fresh driver he had hired.
 One Archeptolemus arose,
 A coachman with a fine red nose ;
 But Hector had no time to stay,
 So hir'd the rascal for the day.
 And now this Diomed would soon
 Have made the conq'ring Trojans run
 Like sheep before the Spanish Don *.
 But Jove again began to growl,
 And thunder'd from his mustard † bowl,
 Light'ning so near the Greek did pass,
 It sing'd his nose, and burnt the grass.
 The frighten'd horses tumbl'd down,
 And Nestor dropt into a swoon ;
 But soon recover'd, and begun
 To chatter : Zoons, says he, let's run ;
 To-day the thunder-clap director
 Swears he will fight for none but Hector.
 Let's be content, perhaps he may
 'Take Nestor's part another day :
 'Spite of what we can offer, still
 You know he will do what he will.

* Don Quixote.

† They made thunder formerly at the play-house
 in a great mustard bowl.

Says Diomed : Old grizle-beard,
suck in ev'ry word I've heard.

But what the pox will Hector say,
if bold Tydides runs away ?

Not me, before it shall be said
I ran for't, he shall break my head.

Nestor replies : O sad ! O sad !

The man is surely drunk or mad !

Why what the plague can Hector say ?

He never made you run away :

That whelp is sensible enough,

You've dusted many a Trojan's buff ;

But the most wicked sons of plunder

With lightning dare not fight, nor thunder.

He said no more, but crack'd his whip,

and gave the Trojan chief the slip.

The horses run along the coast,

as fast a country priests ride post,

When death, assisted by good liquor,

has seized some neighb'ring topping vicar.

The Trojans shout, as well they might,

To see them in such hellish fright :

When Hector calls to Diomed,

You've special heels in time of need ;

For this the Grecians, when you dine,

Will give for your own share a chine.

Who' Hector's self you dare not face,

how you beat him hollow in the race,

46 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

You see to what your bragging comes ;
You raze our walls ! you kifs our bums :
Tho' yet, perhaps, I'll dust your coat
Before you reach your crazy boat.

The Grecian bully could not bear
Such cutting kind of jokes to hear.
Thrice the bold chief his horses stopp'd,
And thrice the bold proposal dropp'd ;
For Thunder, in the shape of Fear,
Whisper'd the warrior in the ear :

For what the devil should you stay ?
'Tis safer far to run away.

This council by the chief was taken,
Who smok'd along and sav'd his bacon.
Great Hector, with no little glee,
The lightning saw as well as he,
But to his sense each thunder crack
Felt like a chearing clap o' th' back ;

Then to his trusty Trojans spoke :
Ye backs of steel, and hearts of oak,
Remember what our grandames tell us,
That all our dads were clever fellows,
And then you'll scorn all idle fears ;
Besides, Jove's rumbling thunder swears
We now shall lug the Grecians' ears.
Advance then quick, we'll surely end 'em,
Yon walls of mud shall ne'er defend 'em.
Soon as we've drove them down their hatch
Lug out your tinder-box and matches,

and strike a light; if we can't swinge 'em
With broomstaves, yet with links we'll finge
'em.

He spoke; then bid his horses go
In words like these, Gee up! gee ho!
All, Jolly, Driver, hi! gee hi!
Old Dobbing, zoons! why don't you fly?
Perform you journey well this day,
You ne'er shall want both corn and hay.
You know my dame when I return
Always ready with your corn:
You're sure good measure there will be,
No cheating ostler keeps the key.
Till I catch that Diom's buff coat,
Or Nestor's potlid and his rough coat.
Gain me but these before ye tire,
And then I'll set their boats on fire.

This Juno heard, that scolding witch,
And gave her buttocks such a twitch,
Shook her three-legg'd milking-stool,
Which shook the stars from pole to pole.
Neptune! says she, I vow and swear
To me it seems a little queer
That you should see those Grecians beaten,
Those vict'als you so oft have eaten,
Those Greeks by whom you're daily fed
With bullocks' liver and sheeps' head.
With Egæ and Helice too
An ordinary keep for you,

48 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

And stuff your guts three times a week
With fry'd cow-heel and bak'd ox-check,
At their own proper charge and cost ;
Yet you sit still and see 'em lost.
Would their own gods take heart and stand,
With all my soul I'd lend a hand ;
Nor could that cross-grain'd surly elf,
My precious husband help himself,
But, whilst he saw the Trojans tumble,
Sit still and hear his own guts grumble.

The water god, in great surprize,
First shakes his noddle, then replies :
I ken your jade's trick mighty well,
You'd have me like yourself rebel ;
But I know better, you're his wife,
And therefore may rebel for life.
Wives for rebellion plead old custom,
And they will keep it up I trust 'em :
We're sensible 'tis nothing more
Than what their mothers did before.
Content I'll keep the way I'm in,
And slumber in a whole calf's skin.

And now the mighty mob of Troy,
By Hector led, the Greeks annoy.
Close by the ditch they threat'ning stand,
With flaming hedge-stakes in their hand.
Poor Agamemnon, in a fit
Of fear, was very nigh besh---t ;

But Juno help'd him with a touch
 To some small courage, though not much.
 He ran, and carry'd in his hand
 The royal ensign of command,
 An old red coat a grenadier
 Had pawn'd for drink at Wandfor fair,
 Great Agamemnon going by
 This tempting pennyworth did spy;
 From off the hook he quickly caught it,
 And for a brace of testers bought it.
 He held it on Ulysses' deck,
 And words like these was heard to speak;
 But roar'd so loud, and was so scar'd,
 Both Ajax and Ulysses heard,
 Tho separated by the fleet,
 'Tis thought, at least, five hundred feet:
 O all ye Grecian paltry dogs!
 (The vessels echo'd back, damn'd rogues)
 Where are your mighty boasts at dinner
 'Gainst Troy? each single Greek would win
 her!

Whilst your ungodly guts ye fill,
 You all look fierce as Bobadil,
 Now I'm convinc'd each single glutton
 Would take the town, if made of mutton;
 And yet, tho' driv'n on a heap,
 Dare all as well be d——d as peep

50 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

Across the ditch to look at Hector,
Who will in less, as I conjecture,
Than half an hour quite overturn us,
And in our rotten scullers burn us.
O Jupiter ! whose strength is mickle,
Was ever man in such a pickle !
'Tho' arm'd with pow'r, and strength, and
might,

I lead on knaves that dare not fight ;
But they, the battle once begun,
Don't stoutly box, but stoutly run.
For thee I've roasted many a heap
Of bullocks' guts, and lambs, and sheep,
Then only ask'd a slender boon,
Leave to demolish that damn'd town :
Now I have chang'd my note, and pray
Only for leave to run away.

Thus roar'd the king in doleful dumps,
Then on the sandy shore he jumps.
Jove heard his lamentable ditty,
And spar'd the knave a little pity ;
At once he with his anger parts,
And gave a sign to chear their hearts.
Behold a hungry carrion crow
Had got a frog within his claw ;
As he flew o'er them out it popp'd,
And 'mongst the hungry Grecians dropp'd.

Had they been Frenchmen, this I know,
They'd snap'd him up and eat him raw.
Howe'er, this token rais'd their courage,
More than each man a mess of porridge:
They turn, and on a sudden rally,
And strive who shall be first to sally.
That bully rock, the bold Tydides,
First leap'd the ditch, which three feet wide is,
And dealt such furious strokes to rout 'em,
He made the Trojans look about 'em.
The first that ply'd his heels to run
Was Agelaus, Phradmon's son,
Which Diomed espying, soon
With a long broomstick fetch'd him down.
This Diom. had a wond'rous knack
Of hitting folks behind their back.
As the youth tumbl'd on the ground,
His potlid made a thund'ring sound.
Now that a passage once was made,
The Greeks, tho' woefully afraid,
Seem'd quite asham'd to let that elf,
Tydides, box it by himself.
On which th' Atridæ shew'd their faces,
And after them the bold Ajaces:
Meriones was next, and then
Appear'd the bruiser Idomen.
Ulysses cautious fac'd the foe!
Then Teucer with his d——d long bow,

52 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

Who slyly bor'd a little hole
 In Ajax potlid, whence he stole
 A peep to see what kind of spark
 Stood most convenient for his mark;
 Then let an arrow fly, and plump
 Behind the targe again did jump.
 Thus rats and mice, by danger prest
 Skip nimbly back into their nest:
 Thus Ajax to his brother kind
 Holds out his targe to pop behind.
 Who tumbl'd first by this long bow,
 Come, mistress Muse, and let us know.
 Orsilochns, a friend to Venus,
 First fell, and after him Ormenus.
 Poor Lycophon! the Fates did twist his
 Small thread of life with Ophelstes.
 Chromius had hardly time to say, Sir,
 I'm hurt, but down he fell; when Dacer
 Came plump upon his guts, and soon
 Poor Hamopaon tumbl'd down,
 Great Melenippus could not keep
 His feet, so fell amidst this heap:
 Besides a dozen more he slew
 If there is any credit due
 To one who shoots so long a bow.

Now when the bully Grecian dastard,
 Perceiv'd the curst mischievous bastard,

Making such work, he cries, Huzza!
I wish, my boy, that ev'ry day
You'd shewn us this same sort of play.
Of mighty service it had been
To keep the Grecians' breeches clean.
O youth, whose bow hath sav'd an host,
Well may thy good old daddy boast
Than his true-born he loves thee more,
'Cause got upon a fav'rite whore.
But, when he saw thy early worth,
He from the foundling brought thee forth;
Where hadst thou staid, thou'dst been a taylor,
Or else a blacksmith, or a nailor;
But proud to find he'd such a son,
He paid the charge and brought thee home.
Now hear a mighty monarch speak:
If Troy should tumble down next week,
First for myself, you may be sure,
I shall provide a buxom whore;
But when my proper share is reckon'd,
Depend upon't, you shall be second.
Besides a noble piece of gold,
And twenty shillings three times told,
I'll answer that the sons of Greece
Will let you chuse the next good piece,
The youth replies, I would have you, Sir,
Know that your bribes are lost on Teucer.

54 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

I neither fight for ale or cake,
But drub the dogs for mischief's sake.
I hate the Trojans, and would eat 'em,
Was there no other way to beat 'em.
Eight arrows since we made a stand
I shot at Hector from this hand.
They hit eight valiant cocks 'tis granted,
But Hector was the whelp I wanted.
Some damn'd old Lapland witch incog.
Defends that blust'ring Trojan dog.

No sooner had he spoke, but strait
He aim'd again at Hector's pate.
Again the arrow miss'd its mark,
But hit another Trojan spark,
Gorgythio call'd, of royal blood :
Old Priam got him when he could
Stand stiffly to't, then all on fire a
He kiss'd his mother Castianira,
And got this youth, as fine a boy
As any you could find in Troy.
Like a poor battle royal cock,
Disabled by a sad chance knock,
That can no longer ply the round,
But rests his beak upon the ground ;
Just so this younker's skull-cap prest
His heavy noddle to his breast.
Another dart this furious spark
Let fly : once more it miss'd the mark ;

Which made the furious Greek conjecture,
Apollo turn'd the shafts from Hector,
Altho' it did not miss so far,
But brought the driver off the car.
Poor Archeptolemus's jaws,
The coachman with the copper nose,
It hit ; his leathern jacket rumbl'd
So loud, as on the ground he tumbl'd,
That all the horses in the cart
Could not refrain a sudden start.
When Hector saw his coachman fall,
It vext his liver, guts, and all.
Cebaiones he then commands
To take the carriage off his hands ;
When out he jumps, and up he took
A stone as big as half a rock.
This with a rattle did he throw,
Just as bold Teucer bent his bow.
So well he aim'd this piece of rock,
It lent the youngker such a knock,
As sorely bruis'd his hucklebone,
And brought the roguish archer down,
Alastor and Mecisteus bore him,
And Ajax clapt his potlid o'er him.
In this condition, all besh —t,
They lugg'd him to the Grecian fleet.
And now old father Jove begun
To think he'd chang'd his mind too soon ;

56 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

On which he quickly fac'd about,
To help the drooping Trojans out.
Greece once again his fury feels,
Again they try their nimble heels.
Hard at their tails bold Hector keeps,
And drives them into th' ditch on heaps.
Thus I a farmer's cur have seen,
When sheep are driven o'er the green,
A constant waughing does he keep,
But only bites the hindmost sheep.
Thus Hector, following as they fled,
Lends the last knave a broken head.
And now, when out of breath for haste,
With loss of men the ditch they'd past,
These fighting heroes, all so stout,
Just made a shift to turn about.
There they saw Hector's cart-wheels reach
The outward edge of this great ditch,
And there he stood the Grecians fright'ning;
Poor souls! they took his eyes for lightning.
Some of their wise old soakers said
His noddle was a gorgon's head;
But one deep-learn'd north-country elf
Swore 'twas the muckle de'el himself,
For o't' before his face he'd seen,
And ken'd him by his sawcer eyne.
Juno their sad condition spies,
And to her crony Pallas cries:

Thou who canst kick, as I am told,
As fast again as I can scold,
And make rare work amongst your foes,
When you think fit to ply your toes,
See but my Greeks are lost for ever,
Help me to save 'em now or never :
But how, we scarce have time to think ;
Smell you not how the rascals stink ?
Gods ! shall one scoundrel do this evil,
And drive such numbers to the devil ?
That son of a damn'd Trojan bitch,
See how he scares them 'cross the ditch.

Pallas replies, I see as well
As you or any one can tell
What yond infernal rascal's doing ;
But how to save our rogues from ruin
I can't devise, your surly mate
Wont let me break that Hector's pate ;
In vain to crack his skull I strive,
For Jove will neither lead nor drive.
Th' immortal rogues forget as soon
As mortal rogues a favour done :
To me he came, and made great moan,
Begging that I would save his son,
The mighty kill-cow Hercules,
A clumsier dog one seldom sees.
I whip'd me down to lend him help,
And often sav'd the clumsy whelp ;

58 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

But had I known his dad so well,
 When last he took a trip to hell,
 His journey should have been in vain,
 I ne'er had help'd him back again :
 The stumbling block that lay i' th' way
 To hinder his return to day,
 I'd have been stuck before I'd lift it,
 But left the devil and him to shift it :
 I've a good mind to go and beat his
 Beloved minx, that goody Thetis :
 To humour her curst bastard's freaks,
 He'll quite demolish all our Greeks ;
 When it's too late, this face of gallows
 Will call me his beloved Pallas.
 Zounds ! don't stand here to wink and pink,
 But get thy chariot in a twink ;
 Spite of the thund'rer and his punk,
 We'll make those Trojan scoundrels funk :
 Let us but land upon the shore,
 Hector will hector then no more.
 When I and Juno come to fight 'em,
 The devil's in't if we can't fright 'em ;
 And ten to one, but in a crack,
 W'll lay this Broughton on his back.

Her voice then ceas'd thro' rage and spleen,
 Whilst Jove's eternal scolding queen
 Mutt'ring, between her teeth, strange carses,
 Made haste to harness both her horses ;

But yet, tho' pinch'd for time, took pains
 To tie red ribbands to their manes;
 When Pallas instantly threw down
 Her dag'led petticoat and gown,
 Nor staid to fold her ragged placket,
 But whip'd her on a buff-skin jacket
 So glaz'd with grease and dirt all o'er,
 It shin'd just like a sh — n door;
 Upon the car she took her stand,
 And shook a broomstaff in her hand,
 So large, that tie a proper heap
 Of broom to th' end on't, it would sweep
 All London streets, I'm pretty sure,
 Quite clean in less than half an hour,
 And sowse into the Thames drive all
 The rubbish, aldermen, and all.
 Juno upon the coach box sits,
 And neck or nothing drives the tits.
 The hours, as they had done before,
 Stood on the watch to ope the door;
 Eager the blust'ring crew to reach,
 Like fury down the hill they stretch;
 Thus they proceed, but Jove no doubt
 From Ida kept a sharp look out:
 He spy'd them soon, and calls for Iris;
 My liver, quoth the god, on fire is,
 To see yond two damn'd bitches dare
 Against their lawful king make war.

60 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

Fly, meet the brimstones both, and tell 'em
 A thousand fathom deep I'll fell 'em,
 Kill both their nags, and break their wheels,
 And tye the beldames neck and heels,
 And, spite of all that they can say,
 Whether they scold, or swear, or pray,
 Expose their brawny bums together
 For ten long years to wind and weather ;
 But speak you to Minerva first,
 Because, at present, she's the worst ;
 As for my rib, tho' shame to tell,
 She pleads old custom to rebel :
 But now I mind her noise no more
 Than Fielding minds a scolding whore.
 On this the rainbow-goddes strides
 Her broomstaff, and away she rides,
 (By Homer's own account we find
 At any time she'd beat the wind)
 She met the chariot on the slope,
 And boldly cry'd, Plague on you stop ;
 " Such foolish journeys why begin ye ;
 Jove thinks the devil must be in ye ;
 And so do I : he bid me tell ye,
 A thousand fathom deep he'll fell ye,
 Kill both your nags, and break your wheels,
 And tye ye by the neck and heels,
 And, spite of all that you can say,
 Whether you scold, or swear, or pray,

Expose your brawny bums together,
For ten long years to wind and weather :
To you, Minerva, I speak first,
Because he thinks you're far the worst ;
As for his rib, 'tis shame to tell,
She pleads old custom to rebel ;
But much he wonders what bewitches
Your busy pate, you bitch of bitches *.”
Like light'ning then away she flew ;
Her speech tho' made 'em both look blue.
They star'd like honest Johney Wade,
When his wife caught him with her maid ;
But Madam Juno, tho' her mazard
Work'd like a guile-fat, yet no hazard
She chose to run, but curb'd her swell,
And seem'd to take it mighty well.

“ Our rage, my crony, with a pox,
Has brought us in a damn'd wrong box ;
We just found out, it strange and odd is,
That each of us, a powerful goddess,
Should with our crusty thund'rer squabble,
And all for what, a mortal rabble ;

* The reader, perhaps, may think I make Iris use the goddess of wisdom too much in the Billingsgate style, but if he will peruse Homer, he will find as ten times more abusive in Greek, than I could make her in English.

62 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

E'en let 'em live with custard cram'd,
Or die all placemen and be damn'd.
Let Jove give victory, or rout 'em,
No more I'll fret my guts about 'em."

This said, she gave her tits a smack,
And in a trice they smoak'd it back;
The hours unloos'd 'em, rubb'd their coats,
And gave 'em store of hay and oats;
For the next trip to make 'em fitter,
They fill'd their stalls with clean fresh litter.
When they the horses well had fed,
They put the chariot in a shed;
Whilst the two brims, with bashful faces,
Went sneaking off, and took their places;
And now old Jove was tir'd of Ida,
And up to heav'n took a ride-a;
But drove his horses with such ire,
For want of grease his wheels took fire;
T' untie the horses Neptune comes,
Lest the hot wheels should burn their bums;
Which done, an old ship's sail he steals,
And smothers out the burning wheels.
Jove then proceeds to take his seat
I' th' hall where all their godships meet,
But with such weight he mov'd his toe,
It made an earthquake here below;
Then with his bum a cushion prest,
Rais'd a yard higher than the rest.

Juno and Pallas in the hall
Both look'd as if they'd something stole :
They squinted up, and saw he frown'd,
So fixt their eyes upon the ground.
He smil'd to find this lucky push,
For once had made the brimstones blush :
So instantly began to chatter ;
Juno and Pallas, what's the matter ?
What made ye both return so soon ?
I thought you'd ta'en a trip to town,
To help to pull some houses down.
Pray give me leave tho' to enquire,
If Troy's demolish'd, or on fire ?
But know, ye vixens, I shall make
Your grumbling guts and gizzards ake,
If e'er again ye dare to fratch
With him who is an overmatch
For all the underlins o' th' sky ;
One kick you know soon makes 'em fly :
Therefore, I say, beware your mazzards,
And run no more such foolish hazzards ;
If my enchanted wand I shake,
You'll feel your guts and livers quake.
Whoever dares my wrath oppose,
With red-hot tongs I'll singe his nose,
To teach him to refrain from evil,
As great St. Dunstan did the devil.

64 THE EIGHTH BOOK of

The moment that he did begin
 This speech, the gypsies dropt their chin,
 And e're he made an end o' th' song,
 Their faces grew a full yard long ;
 But yet their comfort was, that all
 The race of whoring Troy would fall.
 Pallas so much with wrath was gor'd,
 She could not speak a single word ;
 And Juno's passion was so strong
 She could not hold her noisy tongue,
 But scolding at her usual rate,
 She thus attack'd her loving mate :

You know you're stronger far than all us,
 Or else such names you durst not call us ;
 But split me if I don't believe
 You swinge the Greeks to make us grieve.
 'Tis not strict justice guides your rod,
 'Tis contradiction all, by g---d ;
 And yet you can pretend that no man
 Is half so positive as woman ;
 But 'tis a base invented fiction ;
 Man taught poor woman contradiction ;
 For Greece we're griev'd, and like to grieve,
 Small comfort will thy goodness give.
 By your cross furly face we're snub'd,
 And tamely see the Grecians drub'd ;
 But let us give 'em council fit,
 Or else they'll soon be all bef---t.

To Jove she chatter'd at this rate,
And thus reply'd old surly pate :
Vulcan my thunder bolts is bright'ning,
And store of rosin's ground for light'ning,
Therefore to-morrow morn, if thunder
Scare all the Greeks, you need not wonder ;
Nor let your restless gizzards grumble,
Tho' you see half the whores-birds tumble.
 Hector shan't cease o' th' bum to kick 'em,
Or with his old cheese-toaster stick 'em,
Till he shall lay his luckless paws
Across Pelides' fav'rite's jaws :
Then in a passion shall Achilles
Fight like a devil ; such my will is.
Nor shall it alter, tho' you stay
And scold for ever and a day.
To Lapland go, where witches dwell,
Or Strombello, the mouth of Hell ;
There arm both conjurors and witches,
Kill smoke the dogs, and burn the bitches.
The sun, with all his beams so bright,
Walk'd off, and up came Madam Night :
The Grecians thought her mighty civil ;
The Trojans wish'd her at the devil :
To their ill luck the Grecians yield,
And let the Trojans keep the field.
 Hector, like modern generals,
For sake of form, a council calls,

66 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

Tho' certain was the doughty knight
 They'll think whate'er he says is right.
 But, as they lay too near the Greeks,
 He leads 'em off before he speaks ;
 And getting on Scamander's banks,
 They sat 'em down to ease their shanks ;
 His quarterstaff in his right hand
 He fixt, to help to make him stand,
 On which he lean'd when he thought fit,
 (You know a speaker ne'er should sit
 'Till his oration's at an end,
 Whether they do or not attend).
 This staff, which he in battle bore,
 Ten cubits was in length and more,
 With bladders ty'd each end thereon,
 To scare folks as he knock'd 'em down.

Forward the chief his body bends,
 Like Gl--v--r, and began, My friends,
 If you will yield me due attention,
 Some thoughts that just occur, I'll mention.
 This day we hop'd the Grecian coats
 To steal, and burn their rotten boats ;
 But Madam Night, to our great sorrow,
 Protects the cowards 'till to-morrow :
 Howe'er 'tis fit, by beat of drum,
 To let her see we know she's come ;
 And therefore 'twould not be improper,
 To think of such a thing as supper ;

HOMER's ILIAD. 61

And then, before we go to bed,
 Ourselves will see our horses fed,
 For never was that ostler born
 That would not cheat 'em of their corn
 Unless you keep a sharp look out;
 And I, depend upon't, will do't.
 The town will send us in, of course,
 Both provender for man and horse:
 And then, to keep our knaves from sleeping,
 A thousand bonfires let us keep in:
 These fires will shine as bright as day,
 And then the Greeks can't run away;
 But if they do, the rogues shall find most
 Confounded doings for the hindmost;
 Or should they pop away i' th' dark,
 We'll give 'em ev'ry man a mark,
 Such as may last each knave his life,
 To shew his roaring brats and wife,
 And warn the pilf'ring sons of whores
 How they again attempt our shores.
 Next to the town, if you think well,
 We'll send the bellman with his bell,
 Who with his rusty voice may call
 Both old and young to guard the wall.
 And to prevent all needless frights,
 Let the old women hang out lights,
 That, whilst the shades of night are on us,
 The Grecians steal a march upon us,

68 THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

And flyly entering the town,
Trim all our wives both up and down.
To-night these orders are enough,
To-morrow we will work their buff.
I've a great notion that we may
Drive these infernal rogues away,
Who in a luckless morning rose
To feast our dogs and carrion crows.
This single night good watch we'll keep,
And when you see the morning peep
Light all your links, and never tire
'Till we have set their boats on fire.
Then shall myself and Diomed
Decide whose nose shall soonest bleed,
And whose propitious fate prevails,
When weigh'd in Justice Cox's scales.
Soon as to-morrow's dawn appears,
I'll dust his cap about his ears :
This good oak stick his pate shall wound,
And spread his varlets on the ground :
As sure as I perform this task,
May I obtain whate'er I ask ;
With my lord mayor to dine on Sundays,
Or common council men on Mondays,
To cram my guts with tart and custard,
And goose, with apple-sawce and mustard,
Or guttle down six pound of turtle,
And drink the glorious and immortal :

In joy thus eat, or fast in sorrow,
As I shall drub the rogues to-morrow.
He ceas'd, and all the captains praise
This noble speech with three huzzas.
After they'd loos'd from off the yoke
The horses, wet with sweat and smoke,
And ty'd, to keep their nags apart,
Each tit behind his owners cart;
Then came fat oxen from the town,
With bread, some white, but mostly brown,
And a good stock of mild and stale,
Tho' not one cask of Yorkshire ale.
The vict'als they began to cook,
And fed their gods with guts and smoke.
It happen'd this unlucky night
Their godships had no appetite;
They'd not accept it, no not they,
But puff'd the smoke and steam away:
And were in such a sulky mood,
This costly supper did no good;
Tho' it did not the troops alarm,
Good liquor kept their courage warm.
As when a show'r in London streets,
By rubbish thrown a stoppage meets,
A ragged blackguard with his link
Attends your steps across the sink,
The link directs you where to get
To save your shoes from dirt and wet;

So, by the help of blazing fires,
You'd see the Trojan's wooden spires;
And twice five hundred bonfires bright
Kept blazing all the live 'long night:
Each fire did fifty Trojans view,
So drunk, they laid 'em down to spew.
The horses shew their cart-horse breeding,
And kick each other whilst they're feeding.

END OF BOOK VIII.

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

*THIS book begins with Atreus' son
Persuading all his Greeks to run ;
Let's haste, says he, and save our lives,
And like good husbands kiss our wives ;
For if we stay, be sure Old Nick
Will play us some damn'd slipp'ry trick ;
Nor hope the old mischievous boy
Will e'er desert his fav'rite Troy.
At this fine speech Tydides swore
Worse than he'd ever done before,
And spoke his mind, because he reckon'd
Old Chatterbags would be his second.*

*Square-toes on this a speech begun,
And swore, by Jove, he would not run:
They then consult to know which way,
After their dreadful drubbing day,
They can with any safety stay.
Old Nestor in the humour still is,
To try and reconcile Achilles;
Then adds, I think it not amiss is
To send both Ajax and Ulysses.
As he propos'd, they both are sent,
And with them goody Phoenix went.
Now, tho' it plain appears, that each
Man made a mighty pretty speech,
And did with as much cunning plead
As * * * *, when he's double fee'd,
Achilles swore he would not come,
And bid the Grecians kiss his bum.*

HOMER's ILIAD.

B O O K IX.

WHILST Troy's bold sons with shouts
get drunk,
The conquer'd Grecians sweat and funk ;
As when a taylor's boy has got
His master's goose, almost red hot
The coat it singes ; strait the fire
The bloody taylor fills with ire ;
He thumps the lad with all his might,
First with his left hand, then his right :
The bastard's head, on both sides beat,
Can neither stay, nor yet retreat,
No chance for his escape appears,
Whilst double storms attack his ears :

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74 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Just so it far'd with Greece; away
They could not run, nor durst they stay.
Poor Agamemnon was distrest
Nine times as much as all the rest,
(You'll say, perhaps, how could he chuse,
For he'd nine times as much to lose.)
Howe'er he calls his man to send him,
To beg the captains would attend him;
But charges him before he goes,
To bid 'em tread upon their toes.
As they were bid, they found their legs,
But walk'd as if they trod on eggs.
Their near approach the chief espying,
Rose up to shew 'em he was crying;
And e're his doleful tale began,
He sobb'd and blubber'd like a man;
They found him in this piteous case,
Tears running down his dirty face:
So when retention's lost, there steals
A salt stream down th' old lady's heels.

At length he spoke: Ah, well-a-day!
I know not what to do or say;
Of Jove we all complain with justice,
For in his royal word no trust is.
The oracles of wise Apollo
Have likewise been a little hollow:
Betwixt 'em both we're finely nick'd,
And get most tightly thump'd and kick'd,

They promis'd we o'er fobbs should cram,
 But now you see 'tis all a flam :
 For Jove, if ever he design'd
 To do us good, has chang'd his mind.
 For us but small concern he feels,
 But gives us leave to trust our heels ;
 Therefore I vote that ev'ry man
 Trudge home with all the haste he can ;
 Nor hope that we shall e'er destroy
 This heav'n-defended whore's nest Troy.

He spoke ; and each bold Grecian son
 Look'd as he'd neither lost nor won ;
 But gaping stood 'till Diomed
 Began to speak, and speak he did :
 You told me, Sir, I late begun
 To fight, but rot me if I run ;
 No cause of quarrel Diom. seeks,
 But we are lost if no man speaks.
 You bawl'd so loud, tho' I was near you,
 You made our raggamuffins hear you :
 Tho' then I thought it good to wink on't,
 You're pretty sure I'll always think on't.
 The gods that make great men of calves,
 Made thee a constable by halves :
 To rule o'er men he's hardly fit,
 Whose soul's no bigger than a nit.
 Would any chief but thee, I pray,
 Persuade his men to run away ?

76 THE NINTH BOOK OF

And then 'tis ten to one you'll swear
The rascal's ran away for fear.
You and your sneaking rogues may go,
But for my part, I answer, No.
Then don't this fair occasion slip,
But get on board thy rotten ship:
The rest, I hope, won't go so soon,
But help to pull yon cocklofts down;
If not, tho' all should run away,
Myself and trusty 'squire will stay.
When once I've enter'd, know I am
As steady as a Rockingham,
Whose country's cause will ever be
His object to eternity,
Like him I'll knaves and fools oppose,
But join both heart and hand with those
Whose words as well as actions shew
They love their king and country too,
In such a cause I'll never flinch,
And smite me if I stir an inch:
With heaven we came when we begun,
And hell itself sha'n't make us run.

He ended here, and all the croud
Began to shout so very loud,
You'd think each man would burst his liver
With roaring Diomed for ever.
When up the rev'rend figure rear'd
Of chatt'ring Nestor's grizzle beard,

And spoke ; the chiefs all silent sit
As members when they hear a Pitt.

Thus he begins : My trusty knight,
You've nothing said but what is right.
I like a man that never starves it,
But blames king George, if he deserves it :
And yet, my bully rock, I wist
There's something left your youth has mist.
I'll speak, nor do I think the thing
Will vex the people or the king.

Damnation seize and overtake
The man that fights for fighting sake !
Such rogues the world would overrun,
And break good people's heads for fun ;
But we, tho' under feet we're trod,
Have justice on our side, by g---d ;
Therefore to-night let sentries watch us,
Lest these confounded rascals catch us
All fast asleep ; but first its proper
To give these sentinels some supper.
Then thou, whose pow'r no man controuls,
To council call the grave old souls :
Before the bus'ness you begin,
Give each old buff a dram of gin ;
I will chear their hearts, with age quite shrunk ;
But don't you make th' old firelocks drunk,
For sober councils cannot follow,
If you should make them more than mellow :

78 THE NINTH BOOK OF

With mod'rate shares of meat and drink,
They'll freely chatter what they think.
See but yon Trojan fires so near us !
If we but sneeze they overhear us.
Whilst then so nigh our boats they keep.
The devil fetch me if I'll sleep.
To-morrow morn begins the jumble,
Where Troy must fall, or Greece must tumble.

'Twas thus old grey-beard spoke ; and strait
Each sentry posted to his gate.
The * son the father first obey'd,
'To shew he minded what he said :
(For in those times a son would do
Things that are out of fashion now.)
Ascalaphus, the son of Mars,
Follow'd this heroe hard at a---se,
Along with bold Ialmen, who
Was bully Mars's bastard too ;
Merion and Diepyrus
Went next, and then Aphereus ;
Last came the valiant Lycomed,
A hardy whelp of Creon's breed.
Twice fifty constables, all knaves,
Guarded each bully with their staves :
Not one durst sit upon his crupper,
But standing mump'd his crust for supper.

* Thrasymed.

HOMER's ILIAD.

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The chief, both hungry and afraid,
Had in his tent a supper made :
Tho' matters wore no pleasing looks,
He had not yet discharg'd his cooks ;
'Tis true, he oft' had thought upon
A proper reformation,
And taken good advice from all but
The very man he should, L---d T----- ;
Who soon would bring that scheme to pass,
And turn his cooks by scores to grass :
But as there's nought on earth can look
So dismal as a half-starv'd cook,
I hope, for these poor devil's sake,
He won't such sneaking methods take,
But let each honest red-nos'd cook,
Dye as he's liv'd, in fire and smoke.
All the old cocks were bidden to
This melancholy supper, who
Were capable at this bad bout,
By good advice to help him out ;
They eat a deal, but drank much more,
Nor stop'd 'till they were half seas o'er.
Nestor, who on this weighty summons,
(Like speakers in the House of C-----s)
First penn'd a speech, and got it off,
Began to hawk, and spit, and cough :
Then spoke, Thou monarch, who, in troth,
Exceeds the kings of Brentford both !

8 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Thou powerful chief, bedeck'd with ermin, }
 Who, as thy fancy shall determine, }
 Canst pull down men, and set up vermin, }
 A thing you did some time ago,
 To shew the folks what you could do
 Upon a pinch ; but if again
 You do it, Nestor tells you plain
 All honest men will so resent it,
 They'll give you reason to repent it :
 Tho' you are honest we are sure,
 Yet if you give to rascals power,
 The wrongs you suffer them to do
 Will all be justly laid on you ;
 In matters of this kind you'll find me
 Much older than yourself, so mind me.
 Cares that o'erload my upper shelf,
 Belong to you and not myself ;
 If good advice I give, d'you see,
 Take it, and seem as wise as me ;
 To seem exceeding wise, we know,
 Is half as good as being so :
 A steady phiz, and well-tim'd shrug,
 Will any time the world humbugg :
 Then hear me, for I'll utter nought
 But what I think, and always thought.
 I told you, when you made such gabbling,
 When Thetis' son and you were squabbling,

Striving to make the loudest roar
About a little bunting whore,
That through my spectacles I saw,
Like Winchelsea, how things would go ;
I saw the bully would resent it,
And told you who would first repent it,
Whilst you in fury swore and curst
As if your very gall would burst ;
But as that matter's done and o'er,
And can't be help'd, I'll say no more :
I'm the last man that would begin
To kick my neighbour's broken shin ;
Only 'tis time you strive to please him ;
You vex him, and you must appease him.

The chief then answers to the knight,
Flux me, old buff, but you are right.
I see as plain as in a glass,
You're a wise man and I'm an ass ;
Too late I find, that great strong elf
Is half an army of himself.
For him, that water witch his mother
Drives us on heaps o'er one another.
Fain would I alter what I've done,
And strive to please both witch and son.
Sure a few bribes well plac'd will win him,
Or folks will think the devil's in him ;
Therefore, hear all ye Greeks around,
I hereby offer him ten pound ;

82 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Seven iron pans to boil his fish in,
 And twenty chamber-pots to piss in.
 I'll add too, for himself and mates,
 Twelve horses that have all won plates;
 Was I worth half these nags have won,
 I'd be the richest man in town;
 Their pedigrees are all so good,
 That few their equals are in blood;
 Out of the twelve, he'll find eleven
 Have got a ring-bone or a spavin,
 Which is the surest sign indeed
 They're of the very tip-top breed:
 Besides all this, I'll throw him in
 Seven goodly wenches, who can spin
 So well, each wench can weekly earn
 Her sixteen pence in spinning yarn.
 All these I'll give him out and out,
 And add the wench we fratch'd about;
 For his broad back doth so bewitch her,
 She never yet would let me switch her.
 These rare good things are now his own;
 And add, when we have ta'en the town,
 Iron and brass he shall have store,
 Besides full twenty wenches more.
 Himself shall be the first who chuses,
 And what on tryal he refuses
 We'll take ourselves; when this is done
 I'll take him home, and call him son.

The farm that I have under care,
Orestes and himself shall share.
Lastly, three daughters I can boast,
All taught to bake, and boil, and roast;
Girls, that besides plain work and stitching,
Can do the business of the kitchen;
Laodice and Iphigeen,
Two tighter girls are seldom seen;
In the sun's rays there not a beam is
So bright as red-hair'd Chrysothemis.
'Tis true, they are but three old maids,
But then they're dev'lish sprightly jades.
These in their Sunday's finery drest,
I'll let him chuse which he likes best,
And for her portion give him more
Than ***** spends upon his whore.
Further, these mighty gifts to crown,
I'll make him bailiff of a town,
With six fine vilages about it;
And keep my word, he need not doubt it;
He shall command Enope's people,
And Cardamyle without a steeple;
Pheræ and Pedasus, whose vines
Will almost load a cart with wines;
Hira's good pastures, and Epea,
And special fields about Anthea;
These standing on the salt-sea beach,
Almost as far as Pylos reach,

84 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Where bulls, and cows, and oxen roar,
And men get drunk, and women whore.
See what I offer to appease him ;
The devil's in't if this don't please him :
By pray'rs the hardest thing relaxes ;
Nothing stands fix'd but death and taxes.

Nestor, whose silence gave him pain,
Starts up to chatter once again :

Now, by my soul, 'tis bravely offer'd ;
Singe my old beard if I'd have proffer'd
'Bove half as much ; this must convince
The man that you're a noble prince.
And now we've talk'd the matter fully,
Let's send and tell this huff bluff bully
Your princely offer ; I will warrant
To find men proper for the errand,
Men that can strut it, and look big,
With store of guts as well as wig ;
In such like cases, when we can,
We mostly send an alderman,
But since none came in our old lighters,
(Few aldermen, god knows, are fighters)
We'll send some people in their places,
With aldermanic guts and faces :
There's Phœnix, like myself, grown old,
And therefore wise ; then Ajax bold
Join'd with Ulysses ; and to make
The march more solemn, let 'em take

Two beadles with their silver staves :
I hate to see things done by halves.
When they are gone, let us prepare
To whisper every man a pray'r ;
But do not let the Trojans hear,
Lest they should think we pray for fear ;
Tho' if they can but nose it well,
They'll guess our pickle by the smell.

And now, as usual his oration
Receiv'd a gen'ral approbation.
The messengers soon left their places ;
But first they wash'd their dirty faces,
And with an old tin dridging box
Scatter'd some meal upon their locks ;
Then from a swinging pitcher full
Of ale, each took a hearty pull.

Now Nestor had a sort of dread
This ale might get into their head,
And they, perhaps, might chatter then
Like drunken common-council men ;
And tell the king to whom they're sent,
They came to pay a compliment,
But end their message with a spice
Of drunken hickuping advice ;
So follow'd of his own accord,
And beg'd that not one angry word
Might 'scape their jaws, and that Ulyss,
Whose roguish tricks did seldom miss,

86 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Would see the greatest care was taken,
 In this great strait, to save their bacon.
 Away they trudg'd, ('twas mighty dark)
 Of light they could not see a spark;
 But they could hear the billows roar
 As they came rumbling to the shore,
 Which made 'em, whilst their way they kept on,
 Mumble some pray'rs to shaggy Neptune,
 That he would help 'em to a dish
 Of sprats or smelts, or any fish,
 Or, what would likeliest do the thing,
 A little handful of old ling,
 Knowing such kind of things as these
 Had melted harder hearts than his.
 But they might pray, and pray, and pray,
 Neptune was out of luck that day;
 Tho' he had fish'd from morn to night,
 He had not got a single bite:
 Nor (should their souls depend on that)
 Could he assist them with a sprat,
 Or e'en a shrimp; but as for ling,
 Th' old fisherman had no such thing.
 As fast as honest Neptune cur'd it,
 That whoring rogue, that Jove, secur'd it;
 For, tho' a god in ev'ry thing,
 He was a devil at old ling.
 But be that matter as it may,
 By great good luck they grop'd their way,

HOMER'S ILIAD.

87

And found Achilles on his rump,
 Playing upon a brass jew-trump.
 The music seem'd to please him much,
 Because he grinn'd at ev'ry touch.
 Only Patroclus tarry'd near him,
 No mortal else would stay to hear him.
 Just in the middle of his airs,
 They stole upon him unawares :
 But, when he peep'd and saw them come,
 He whip'd him up from off his bum,
 And clap'd the trump into his pocket,
 So quick, Ulysses thinks he broke it.
 Patroclus too was on his rump,
 And like him gave a sudden jump.
 Achilles seiz'd 'em by their hands,
 And beg'd to know their best commands :
 Welcome, old friends, to me yet dear !
 Pray, what the devil brought you here ?
 I hope that mangey lousy whelp
 Han't sent you here to me for help ;
 But, if he has, and wants my aid,
 I smell you're damnably afraid.
 At this he pointed to his tent ;
 They made a leg, and in they went,
 Where down the heroes clap'd their docks
 On woollen cushions stuff'd with flocks.
 Achilles bid Patroclus go
 A pot of mild and stale to draw,

38 THE NINTH BOOK OF

And of the best, says he, for you
Must know of all the ragged crew,
That now compose the Grecian host,
I value these three bucks the most.
On this Patroclus draws the beer,
And then prepares for better chear.
With a cow-heel he first began,
And fry'd it in an old brass pan.
Automedon soon fetch'd a candle,
Then held the frying-pan by th' handle,
Whilst great Achilles fell to work
To cut some steaks of beef and pork.
Patroclus, at his friend's desire,
Made what we call a roaring fire,
At which the steaks were nicely cook'd,
Except a few a little smok'd;
'Tho' his sharp hungry guests would not
Believe e'm smok'd, but smoking hot.
After the table cloth was spread,
He gave each man a cake of bread;
And, that the gods might have their due,
Some fat into the fire he threw,
With knucle-bones, as knowing well,
These Grecian godships lov'd a smell.
Then they fell on their meat and cakes,
And eat up all the heel and steaks.
After they'd ta'en some time to drink,
To Phoenix Ajax tip'd the wink.

Ulysses soon the signal spies,
(For he kept watch with both his eyes)
Then pours a glass of ale by stealth,
And cries, Achilles, Sir, your health,
With forty thousand thanks, dy'e see,
For this your kind civility.
Great Agamemnon, smite my crupper,
Could not have cook'd a better supper;
But, tho' you've fill'd our skins so full
Of meat and drink, yet still we're dull,
Because the day is hardly pass'd,
That saw us all so tightly thrash'd:
And now we stand upon the brink
Of ruin, and shall surely sink,
If you don't come; for I'm mistaken
If aught alive can save our bacon,
Unless you kindly will assist,
And let 'em feel your mutton fist.
Only peep out, you'll see us all
By Trojans coop'd within our wall.
So much they have us on the hip,
They talk of burning ev'ry ship,
Great Jove himself, or else the devil,
Has been so very kind and civil,
As box all day on Hector's side,
And lent him strength to trim our hide,
That Hector who the world defies,
And carries lightning in his eyes.

90 THE NINTH BOOK OF

He waits but for the morning bell
 To drive our men and boats to hell.
 With the dry gripes my guts were twist'd,
 To see the dog, how he persist'd
 To smash us all on heaps, and yet
 Feel but how bloodily I sweat,
 Left he should act as he has swore,
 And kick us all about once more.
 Is it not very hard we must
 Lay all our nobs in Trojan dust
 For want of thee, Achilles? oh!
 Return, and do not answer no:
 Return, and smite that Hector's liver,
 Better to do it late than never;
 For, if you let our men be slain,
 They'll never rise to fight again.
 No steps, my friend, that you can tread
 Will help them when they're knock'd o' th' head
 Therefore in time observe, I pray,
 What your old daddy us'd to say:
 My son, said he, and strok'd thy locks,
 Thou'rt strong, praise god, as any ox;
 But, for all that, keep clear of brabbles,
 Nor tumble into wilful squabbles:
 For, if you do, dry blows and strife,
 Will be your portion all your life,
 But mild behaviour will so raise you,
 That ev'ry mortal soul will praise you,

HOMER'S ILIAD.

91

And old and young, or grave or mellow,
Will say you are a clever fellow.
But, in your wrath, if you perhaps
Should lend a man a slap o' th' chaps,
Your mutton fist will bruise his jaw,
(Remember that I told you so)
For which, if you don't run away,
You'll have the surgeon's bill to pay ;
Therefore regard th' advice I give,
And check your anger whilst you live.
Now do not, like a graceless knave,
Despise th' advice your daddy gave ;
But, if you'll grant Atrides' pray'r,
He'll give you——stop and you shall hear :
Before the elders seated round,
He nobly offers you ten pound,
Seven iron pans to boil your fish in,
And twenty chamber-pots to —— in :
He'll add too, for yourself and mates,
Twelve horses that have all won plates.
Were you worth half these nags have won,
You'd be the richest man in town ;
Their pedigrees are all so good,
That few their equals are in blood.
Out of the twelve you'll find eleven,
Have got a ring-bone or a spavin,
Which is the surest sign indeed
They're of the very tip top breed ;

92 THE NINTH BOOK OF

For sev'ral of 'em you may trace
 From that fam'd horse that won the race
 For great Darius, when the state
 Decreed a kingdom for a plate :
 And, if you sell them, Pond for you
 Shall swear the pedigree is true.
 Besides all this, he'll throw you in
 Of hard-bum'd wenches that can spin
 The very lucky number seven ;
 Odd numbers always beat the even.
 Their spinning will good money earn,
 And you'll grow rich by selling yarn.
 All these he'll give you out and out,
 And add the wench you fratch'd about,
 And swears you someway so bewitch her,
 She never yet would let him switch her.
 These rare good things are now your own ;
 And, when we've ta'en yond lousey town,
 Iron and brass you shall have plenty,
 And a round dozen, if not twenty,
 Plump girls ; and, if on leap and trial
 (Which they must take without denial)
 You like 'em not, you need not chuse 'em,
 We'll snap 'em up, tho' your refuse 'em :
 Then try again, if that will ease you,
 'Till you can find a score to please you.
 And, when this job of jobs is done,
 Which must I think be special fun,
 He'll take you home and call you son.

Of all his lands the farm that best is
He'll split 'twixt you and bold Orestes.
Lastly, three daughters he can boast,
All taught to boil, or bake, or roast,
Useful ith' parlour, hall, or kitchen,
And notable fine girls at stitching---
Your shirts I mean, the wrists or neck,
Whether your linen's plain or check,
Which, my good friend, will be to you
Of use, and profitable too,
Because you need not then go swapping
Your smuggl'd tea for shirts in Wapping,
Where ware that's sound cannot be gotten,
And all their stitching tackle rotten.
Laodice and Iphigeen
Are two of these fine girls I mean :
In the sun's rays there not a beam is
So bright as red-hair'd Chrysothemis.
All three are sprightly buxom jades,
And not the worse for being maids.
These in their Sunday's fin'ry dress,
Yourself shall chuse which you like best;
And for her portion you'll have more
Than * * * * spent upon his whore.
Further, these mighty gifts to crown,
He'll make you bailiff of a town,
Where on a grand election year,
If you are careful, you may clear

94 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Ten pounds, as sure as you were born,
 Or twenty for a false return.
 But let this caution be your guide,
 That you return the strongest side;
 Else you may chance to find your pate
 O' th' wrong side of an iron grate.
 Likewise six villages do lye
 Within this borough's liberty,
 Of which, if I may gain belief,
 You shall be constable in chief.
 Both Phœœ and Enope too
 Must then pull off their caps to you;
 And when you think it worth the while,
 May kiss the girls of Cardamyle;
 With Pedasus, whose stock of vines
 Make yearly a cart load of wines.
 These, join'd with Hira and Epea,
 And special fields about Anthea,
 All stretch along the salt sea beach,
 And very near to Pylos reach,
 Where bulls, and cows, and oxen roar,
 And men and women drink and whore,
 And where they still continue whoring,
 In spite of squinting Westley's roaring,
 Altho' he deals to ev'ry station
 Such thumping doses of damnation,
 You'd swear he had a patent got
 (As folks have done for pills and shot)

That none but Whitfield, he, and Grimstone*,
 May deal in burning pitch and brimstone.
 See what he offers to appease you !
 The devil's in't if this don't please you.
 By pray'rs the hardest thing relaxes ;
 Nothing stands fixt but death and taxes.
 You see, Achilles, what he proffers,
 And troth I thought 'em handsome offers ;
 But yet, if nothing now come of it,
 And you prove deaf to fame and profit,
 You may depend this very story
 Will fully all your former glory ;
 For ev'ry mortal must conjecture,
 You durst not face that rascal Hector,
 Who, I am hopeful, kicks us now
 Only to be rekick'd by you.

Achilles answers : Surely this is
 A rare long speech, my friend Ulysses ;
 And, in return, I'll give you for't
 A speech that may be long or short,
 Just as it haps, but may I sink,
 If I'll speak aught but what I think :
 Tho', if your friends expect to see
 A single grain of help from me,
 Tell 'em they're bit confoundedly.

3

* This Grimstone is a preaching shoemaker, and as
 he a fellow as either of the other two brimstone mer-
 chants, but less known because he is confined to a
 small circle in the country.

96 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Who one thing speaks and thinks another,
I'll damn him were he twice my brother:
Therefore whatever they've design'd,
Will hardly make me change my mind.
On their account I've ta'en great pains
For little thanks, and lesser gains,
But on a bible book I've sworn
Never to do so any more.

A * * * * or a Byng you'll stand by,
Rather than Monckton, Hawke, or Granby
For when a brave man tumbles down,
You'll help a scoundrel up as soon.
Pray what the devil have I got
For all the rogues I've sent to rot?
Just like that careful bird the tit,
Who never tastes a single bit,
But fasts 'till she has try'd and try'd
If ev'ry tit is satisfy'd.

Such pains for thankless Greece I've taken,
And forty times have sav'd their bacon;
Kept all their loving spouses plackets
From being trim'd by Trojan jackets;
Watch'd all the night in heavy buff,
And all the day had work enough;
Twelve country villages I plunder'd,
And should, if there had been a hundred.
That thick-skull'd whelp, your Gen'ral Blund
Came in, as usual, for the plunder,

And ev'ry pan and kettle got,
Except one lowsey porridge pot,
And one fat wench, so rarely fed,
Her cheeks as well as hair were red.
My men that fought, and won the stake,
Like those that did th' Havannah take,
Receiv'd from this great chief of Greece
'Bout twelve or fifteen pence apiece ;
He likewise gave, with much ado,
A little to the captains too,
But not so much, by far, as will
Pay half their sneaking taylor's bill ;
The rest, like * * * * *, he sent
To his own hoard ; yet, not content,
His idle hours he could not pass
Without my carrot-pated las.
Let him the buxom dame enjoy ;
But what's our quarrel then with Troy * ?
I think, my friends, If I am right,
'Tis only for a whore ye fight :
Must Atreus' sons all wenches seize,
And trim 'em when and where they please ;
Whilst we, who all their prizes won,
Must thank 'em for a butter'd bun ?
Mean sneaking scrubs may go on still,
But, seal my day-lights, if I will :

* Pope.

98 THE NINTH BOOK OF

A heart that's made of standard bullion
 Will love his wench, altho' a scullion:
 Nay, tho' he takes a rag-mop squeezer,
 He ought to do his best to please her.
 I lov'd the wench, and, on my life,
 Us'd her as tho' she'd been my wife;
 But, once deceiv'd, I tell you plain
 I'll never trust a king again.
 He's wrong'd me in the dearest part,
 And from my soul l——d d——n his heart.
 This is my mind; to mend the job
 Let him consult your wiser nob:
 Where you can't lend a helping hand,
 The devil would be at a stand;
 But why the pox should he want me,
 When I such mighty works can see?
 With wond'rous ramparts and a trench;
 Surely his engineers were French.
 The Greeks could never raise such works;
 They'd baffle a whole host of Turks;
 And yet he fears, as I conjecture,
 They cannot keep out swagg'ring Hector.
 When I along with Ajax steer'd,
 Then no such bullying works appear'd.
 These fighting Trojans from their wall
 Pop'd up their heads, and that was all.
 The mighty Hector ventur'd once
 Without the gates, but sav'd his sconce

By running back into th' town,
 Or, by my soul, I'd crack'd his crown;
 And had I tarry'd on the plain
 He'd never ventur'd out again.
 Now we no more shall think of fighting,
 But soon as th' morning brings some light in,
 If we can catch a leading gale,
 You'll spy my lighters under sail,
 And the third day, by three o'clock,
 Don't fear to reach to Puddle Dock;
 Where there's no doubt but we shall find
 The heaps of goods I left behind,
 Hugh iron pots, and one brass kettle,
 And twenty saucepans of mixt metal:
 To these I'll add what I got here,
 Earn'd by my labour plaguey dear,
 With all my square-stern'd thumping jades,
 By people here call'd country maids.
 I lik'd but one above them all,
 And that your scoundrel gen'ral stole.
 Then tell him thus, and do not fear ye
 To speak that all the Greeks may hear ye,
 And then they'll know their mighty chief
 Is worse than any Newgate thief,
 For, by my soul, the rascal studies
 Only to make ye slaves and noddies;
 Keep you but honest, and I'm sure
 That scound'el dog will keep you poor:

100 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Tho' with his countenance of brags
 He dare not let me see his face,
 For if he does, by g——d I'll sell him,
 And that, Ulysses, you may tell him :
 And add, The man that scorns to fear him
 Will neither fight nor council near him.
 Let the poor dog, since Jove deprives him
 Of sense, run where the devil drives him.
 Once he deceiv'd me, let that pass,
 But if again, pray who's the ass ?
 From sneaking rascals, made of lies,
 All gifts and offers I despise.
 Nay, tho' he promis'd me the whole
 His rog'ry has from others stole,
 I'd rather stand to see him undone
 Than have the running cash of London,
 Whose money, judg'd by what they spend,
 Can surely never have an end ;
 Yet could the sneaking scound'rel ask all
 That running cash for me, the rascal
 Shall ne'er have my assistance, d——n me,
 Nor any chance again to flamm me :
 Nor shall his daughter ever be,
 On any terms a wife for me.
 Tho' she were all in di'monds drest,
 And had of things the very best,
 Yet rather than with him agree,
 The second-best shall serve for me ;

For I'm resolv'd to sow no seed
On such bad ground : I hate the breed.
When I go home, if god spare life,
I'll get my dad to chuse a wife :
My back and parts, I'm pretty certain,
Will recommend me to a fortune ;
There's scarce a girl in Thessaly
But will be glad to jump at me :
With one of these I'll sit and prate,
And plow and sow my own estate ;
Improve my reading and my writing,
And leave to fools and madmen fighting.
Pray of what use is all our gain,
If once we are in battle slain ?
Not the best ale that e'er was drank,
Nor all the money in the Bank,
Not Child's great chest, with all that's in it,
Will save your life a single minute.
We may recover money lost,
Or naggs when stole, on paying cost ;
But if your breath you once let slip,
Old Nick has got you on the hip,
Who never yet a sinner let
Escape, when once within his net,
Except a great musician *, who
Made such a noise, he let him go ;

* Orpheus.

102 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Which gave old Handel † room to crack,
 The devil soon would send him back ;
 But, as we've never seen him yet,
 'Tis ten to one th' old fellow's bit.
 Long since a gypsie told my fortune,
 'That I should be demolish'd certain.
 If I stay here, my life 'twill curtail,
 But then my fame will be immortal :
 Ballads in print will spread my fame,
 And ballad-fingers roar my name.
 If I go home, I change my fate,
 And spin out life a longer date ;
 Like country 'squires lay warm and snug,
 And snore a hundred years incog.
 'This course, my friend, will I pursue,
 And so, if you are wise, will you ;
 Seek your own homes without delay,
 Nor longer here for dry blows stay :
 For Jove, I'll speak it to his face,
 Defends this whoring Trojan race,
 Heartens them on our boats to plunder,
 But scares our shabby rogues with thunder.
 And now I've told you all my mind,
 Pray let your loggerheads be join'd
 In consultation how to 'scape
 Your present most unlucky scrape.

† Handel, to make as much noise as possible, introduced cannon into a concert,

One string has snapt, and more will do't,
Before Achilles buckles to't.

This is the answer you may carry,
So go, but let old Phœnix tarry;
I think that he should have a tomb,
To lay his grizzle beard at home,
Tho', notwithstanding all I say,
Himself shall chuse to go or stay.

This speech of speeches ending here,
Made the three noble col'nels stare:
When Phœnix rose, but first he cry'd,
And blubb'ring thus with sobs reply'd,
(Tho' his old pipe was grown so weak,
He did not seem to talk but squeak);

O, great Achilles! wilt thou fly,
And leave the Greeks like rats to die?
If thou in wrath depart'st away,
How shall thy old schoolmaster stay?
When thy good daddy Peleus sent
Thee first to join thy regiment,
And bid thee stay upon condition
I bought the very first commission,
(For, to our scandal be it told,
Commissions are both bought and sold)
He sent me with thee, that I might
Teach thee to bully, whore, and fight.
His plan I always did pursue,
And flux me if I leave you now,

104 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Not if the gods, to tell you plain,
Would grind my old bones young again,
Such as I was, when thrice a week
I made the Grecian virgins squeak.
My dad so old, he scarce could move,
Yet with a pox must fall in love.
My mam. beg'd hard that I'd outwit him ;
I did, and got the girl, so bit him :
But the old Heathen curst and swore
That he would never see me more ;
And pray'd, whilst passion rul'd his brain,
That I might never stand again :
And sure I am, as you are there,
'The devil help'd his wicked pray'r.
I was damn'd angry, you may swear,
'To find myself so very queer,
And thought, so prone are we to evil,
'To send th' old rascal to the devil ;
But some kind goblin staid that thought,
So all my anger came to nought,
Then I would fly ; aye, that I would,
Let all my friends do what they could.
Nine suns they watch'd me night and day ;
On the tenth eve I ran away
With a blind tinker, whose good metal
Had mended many a crazy kettle ;
But grown unable now to trudge it,
As formerly, I bore his budget ;

And thus with eighteen-pence a-piece,
We took our travels through all Greece.
Many a merry day we past,
And weather'd many a bitter blast,
But reach'd your father's farm at last.
Who did to stay with him persuade me,
And dry nurse to his son he made me;
Gave me a sal'ry for my keeping,
And an old cottage house to sleep in.
Finding I had a taste to rule,
He made me master of a school,
To teach, as I could do it well,
The Dolopean boys to spell.
My gratitude to him I paid
By making thee so fine a lad.
Tho' you cut such a puff, d'ye see,
You had been nothing but for me.
That I my time could ne'er employ
On a more hopeful loving boy
Is very true, and this I'll say,
It gave me pleasure ev'ry day
To hear the little varlet mutter,
Unless I cut his bread and butter.
Often upon my knee he'd dose,
And puke his milk upon my cloaths,
Which I rubb'd off as soon as done,
As if the lad had been my son.

106 THE NINTH BOOK OF

I thought, or may the dry pox rot me,
The devil had at last forgot me,
And, spite of my old father's curse,
I was thy dad, and not thy nurse.
You'll hardly think the joy I had
In rearing such a hopeful lad.
Come, don't be cross, but dry our tears,
A valiant heart no malice bears.
When man repents, and turns from evils,
He moves all hearts except the devil's.
The wicked Jews themselves once sent
Such pray'rs as made their god repent.
Our pray'rs are slow, because they're lame,
For which our churchmen are to blame,
Who might have taught us to repeat
Pray'rs with much better legs and feet :
Howe'er they make a shift to follow
Injustice with a whoop and hollow.
Altho' this fiery headlong madam,
Injustice, 'mongst the sons of Adam,
Makes cursed work, yet pray'rs can heal
The michiefs that she makes them feel :
And he that won't their voices hear,
Jove often makes him pay full dear :
For then at private man or king
He lets injustice take her swing,
And, that no mortal may resist her,
Lends her a lawyer to assist her.

Then cease, my boy, to curse and swear,
 And hear our lamentable pray'r.
 Had not the gen'ral made submission,
 May I be sous'd to all perdition,
 If I'd have spoke a single sentence,
 In hopes to bring thee to repentance ;
 For, had not fortune, ever fickle,
 Now left him in a stinking pickle,
 Not twenty guineas, I assure you,
 Should make me plead against your fury :
 But, since he offers you so fairly,
 And decks his presents out so rarely,
 And since these curious things, d'ye see,
 Are sent by no less man than me,
 I would not have you shun the offer,
 You'll ne'er refuse a better proffer ;
 And, lest you fail to nick the joint,
 I'll just relate a case in point:

Upon a steep and rocky mountain
 Stands Calydon, beside a fountain.
 Th' Ætolians strove to take the rock,
 And warded many a bitter knock
 From the Curetians: thus they hourly
 Kept basting one another purely.
 'Twas Cynthia's doing all ; but whether
 She set 'em by the ears together
 For cheating her of some good suppers,
 Or bumping one another's cruppers,

108 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Like Sodom's sons, I can't I vow
 Explain that matter clearly now;
 But something set her so agig,
 She sent a monstrous great he pig,
 That swallow'd ev'ry thing he found
 Either above or under ground,
 Tore their potatoes up by th' roots,
 And all their apple-trees to boots,
 And made no bones of sheep or geese,
 But swallow'd feathers, horns, and fleece.
 This pig, no matter whither 'twas bred,
 One Meleager knock'd oth' head;
 Then all the bumpkins round came in,
 And box'd like devils for the skin.
 The bold Curetes, who had fully
 Resolv'd to baste this kill-pig bully,
 Got rarely nointed; then he swore
 A damn'd great oath he fight no more,
 But go and lead a quiet life
 With dame Alcylene his wife.
 Idas, her father, tho' a civil
 And well-bred man, would fight the devil.
 Marpasa was her mother's name,
 A handsome jolly country dame.
 Now that trim singing rogue Apollo
 This Idas' handsome wife did follow;
 And one dark foggy night, when all
 The family were out of call,
 Jumbld her up against a wall,

Finding no help was nigh her, she
For that time took it patiently;
But, because Idas did not chuse
To be a quiet Cheapside spouse,
And let him round his freehold range,
To do his business whilst at 'Change;
I mean the business of his wife;
He plagu'd poor Idas all his life:
Very fine principles, you'll say,
Their godships had that time o' day;
For, bad as we are all, 'tis true
They're thought vile rogues that do so now.
But Alethea, tho' his mother,
Because he chanc'd to kill her brother,
With cursing such a noise did keep,
She would not let the poor man sleep;
Legions of fiends her curses drew;
She curs'd 'till all the ground look'd blue.
Partly with scream, and partly yell,
She made them hear as far as hell.
Her curses gave him such a diz'ness,
They made him quite neglect his bus'ness,
And spend his mornings, noons, and nights,
At Mother Welche's, or at White's.
Etolia, woefully oppress'd,
And to the last degree distress'd
By foes all round, intreat his aid,
And sent a swinging long parade

110 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Of aldermanic wigs and gowns,
 Collected from the neighb'ring towns;
 And, for a wonder, he that lead
 This sweeping train, had got a head.
 They begg'd he'd come, with piteous tones,
 And break their adversaries bones,
 And would he prove a good peace-maker,
 They'd freely give him fifty acre
 Of as brave land as ever bore
 A pile of grafs, or crow flew o'er.
 His father came and made a bow,
 And all his sisters curt'sy'd too.
 The cursing dame before him stood;
 But as for her he d——d her blood,
 As any man of spirit would.
 His wife came last, and rub'd her eye,
 Then tun'd her pipe, and join'd the cry;
 Told him, if he won't come away,
 The devil soon must be to pay;
 So fast, says she, the ruin spreads,
 There soon must be a smash of heads;
 For when the men's hard heads are smack'd,
 The maiden-heads will soon be crack'd,
 And all the virgins in the town
 Expect they shall be ravish'd soon;
 If therefore you'll this time preserve 'em,
 Another time they'll let you serve 'em.

At this he took a stick, and soon
Broke all their bones, and sav'd the town;
But 'cause his coming was so tardy,
These same Etolians grew so hardy,
(Altho' he sav'd both priest and church)
To leave their Saviour in the lurch;
Just as the bishops left their maker,
And shun'd the passage through Long Acre.
'Tis dang'rous, crys each wary chap,
To venture through the Devil's Gap,
The houses on both sides are all
So old, that like the Duke they'll fall,
And crush, perhaps, each reverend sot
That runs where nothing's to be got;
And Satan, always on the watch
The sons of any church to catch,
Dines rarely when his cook can dish up
A rev'rend brawney well-fed bishop.

But to return: From this great strait
Pray help us e're it be too late;
Your arm will stand us in no stead
After we all are knock'd o' th' head,
Assist us therefore e're we faint,
And you shall be a popish saint.
I'll ask the pope, if he knows where
To find a day from saintship clear;
Should there be none, I'm sure he'll make
Some shift or other for your sake:

112 THE NINTH BOOK OF

If you will only help us now,
There's not a rogue in all the crew
But he'll kick out to put in you.

Achilles then returns this answer;
My ever honour'd nurse and grandsire,
You know I'm us'd to make a shift,
And therefore want no bribe or gift.
If Jove and I are cater cozens,
The Greeks may hang themselves by dozens,
If he thinks fit I here should lag
As long as I a toe can wag.
I'll go wherever he shall lug me,
But your old pate shall ne'er humbug me;
Therefore no more attempt to bubble
Your loving friend, and give him trouble
For such a rogue as Agamemnon;
If Greece is quiet I'll give them none.
I little thought, old friend, not I,
You could for such a rascal cry.
Whether small beer or ale we drink,
My friend like me should always think;
In this 'tis honest to collogue
To hate a dirty sneaking rogue:
The very fellow that would do
Mischief to me, would hamstring you;
Because when Peleus dies, you know,
Half of my farm I've promis'd you:

Therefore let Ajax and Ulysses
 Go tell their spitfire gen'ral this is
 My firm resolves ;---At break of day
 We'll either go, or else we'll stay.
 Then orders, as these words he said,
 A pan of coals for Phoenix' bed.
 Now, you must know, this fine oration
 Put Ajax in a bitter passion,
 Who grumbling said to sly Ulysses,
 A mighty pretty business this is ;
 We're sent by our wise-looking owls,
 Only to make us April fools.
 See what we've got for all our pain !
 Rot me if e'er I'll cringe again.
 Were we to stay 'till doomsday for him,
 No speech that we can make will stir him ;
 Therefore 'tis proper we should go,
 Whether they like his words or no,
 And tell our friends his scornful speech,
 For now I'm pretty sure that each,
 With great concern, this foggy morn,
 Are gaping hard for our return.
 No pray'rs can bring him to repentance ;
 You see he huffs his old acquaintance :
 Yet should it happen, any other
 Should in a squabble lose a brother,
 All the amends that's in our power
 Is made, and people ask no more.

114. THE NINTH BOOK OF

A father if he lose a son,
 As very oft, God knows, is done ;
 If the damn'd rogue who did the deed
 Chance to be rich enough to bleed
 A good round sum, he's quickly freed.
 The hardest hearts but thine relent ;
 And money makes a judge repent :
 But Jove has cas'd thy heart in steel,
 So polish'd, that it cannot feel.
 One wench was stole, I own, but he
 Will seven give as plump as she,
 And plumper too, for all these wenches
 Have broader buttocks by some inches.
 Come then, and be of better temper,
 And don't be cross and sulky semper ;
 Else we shall say you give a bit
 Of roast, and baste us with the spit,
 Which will on us be plaguey hard,
 Because we all so much regard
 Your character, that when of you
 Folks tell damn'd lies, as oft' they do,
 We never fail to crack their crown,
 Or knock the sawcy scoundrels down,
 A rare short method, I found out
 To finish any long dispute.

Achilles thus : Well hast thou spoke,
 My much-respected bully rock,

Nothing on earth could please me worse
 Than to refuse my good old nurse;
 But when that fellow's name I hear,
 Spite of my guts, my tongue will swear;
 So much the rascal does provoke me,
 My passion rises fit to choak me,
 And would, but that we Grecians are
 Such sons of freedom that we dare,
 Thank God, both damn, and curse, and
 swear.

The usage I have had much worse is
 Than Oxford scholars use hack horses.
 Cheated, because he chose to do it:
 My comfort is, he lives to rue it.
 Then tell him this my resolution,
 My staff shall do no execution
 Till Hector and his roaring crew
 Shall beat your sides all black and blue;
 When all your boats in flames are crackling,
 I'll stir to save my own old tackling;
 And whilst with joy the Trojan chuckles,
 Just then I'll make him feel my knuckles.
 At this he put the mug about,
 And beg'd they'd see the liquor out;
 To keep their souls from being dull,
 Each took a pretty hearty pull;
 Then swash'd the leavings of that round
 For a libation on the ground:

116 THE NINTH BOOK OF

A method I have heard folks say
 Our chairmen use to this good day.
 This done, they made a bow and went
 Full speed to find the gen'ral's tent.
 In the mean time a strapping jade,
 Achilles call'd his chamber-maid,
 Spread on the ground for this old smner
 Some sheep-skins borrow'd from a skinner,
 Of blankets then she brought a pair,
 Full of great holes, and quite thread-bare;
 But yet they were, tho' bitter bad,
 The very best Achilles had;
 Howe'er to keep th' old Grecian snug,
 From her own bed she spar'd a rug,
 With dust, and grease, and sweat so full,
 It kept th' old soul as warm as wool:
 For he, in less than half an hour,
 Began to to crack, and snort, and snore
 So loud, I'll take my oath the sound
 Was heard at least a furlong round:
 Achilles tho', for all his roaring,
 Kept the best room himself to snore in,
 Where stripping off his cloaths with speed he
 Whipp'd into bed to Diomede,
 A Yorkshire girl, who mov'd so tightly,
 It made Bryseis' loss sit lightly.
 Patroclus' bed was warm'd the last,
 And he his nights in pleasure pass'd

By a fair maiden's side call'd Iphis;
Where no such jars as with a wife is.
This girl was well content to share it,
And took it just as he could spare it;
For early in a morn she never
Cry'd, Lord, my dear, you'll sleep for ever.
Now Ajax and Ulysses put
The best leg forward to the hut,
Where the old soakers still kept drinking
To drown all care; care comes by thinking.
Each man with glass in hand they found,
Standing to drink one bumper round;
One bumper more to crown the rest,
In English call'd the very best;
But, tho' the meaning is the same,
In Greek it bears another name:
I think my master, Doctor Busby,
Us'd to pronounce it polioflusby.
Great Agamemnon 'spy'd 'em coming,
And bid 'em speak, and not stand humming.
Why then, in short, replies Ulysses,
A prouder fellow hardly pisses
Than that Achilles where you sent us:
Not me if any good is meant us
From him or his: he mocks our fears;
The more we pray, the more he swears.
You told him once you did not want him;
And, sink my soul, if I will grant him,

118 THE NINTH BOOK OF

Says he, a single grain of help,
 A noisy, brawling, wrangling whelp.
 What need he my assistance, pray,
 Whose tongue can scold 'em all away.
 To-morrow morn when up you get,
 You'll see my lighter's main-sail set ;
 And if you'll take a fool's advice,
 You'll follow without thinking twice ;
 For Jove, I speak it to his face,
 Defends this whoring Trojan race.
 He'll save these rascals from a scouring,
 Because they like himself love whoring.
 These were his words, what more appear'd,
 Both Ajax and the beadles heard ;
 But Phoenix in his tent he keeps,
 Where for this night th' old fellow sleeps ;
 Tho' in the morn, he told us so,
 He'll give him leave to stay or go.
 Ulysses ceas'd, the congregation
 Seem'd in a dreadful consternation ;
 Their eyes shew'd nothing but the whites,
 Like Wesley and his Culamites ;
 A look of horror spread all o'er 'em,
 As if they saw hell-fire before 'em,
 And Satan with a fable pack
 Of long-tail'd devils at their back.
 When up the bold Tydides sprung,
 And in a twinkling found his tongue ;

HOMER's ILIAD.

119

(No stutt'ring orator would do,
A nimble tongue was wanted now)
So wild the Greeks began to stare,
He saw there was no time to spare,
So sprung up nimbly from his seat,
And found at once his tongue and feet :

Why should we sneak, and beg, and pray,
As if we had no other way ?

Some other method must be try'd ;
This man will crack his guts with pride ;
And to proud puppies, I am clear,
The more you pray, the more they swear.
Have you not done, Sir, all you can do,
And pray what more can Ferdinando ?

Let his ungovern'd passion rule him,
'Till reason, or the devil cool him !

Let him in his damn'd trantrums sit,
And run or fight as he thinks fit !

We have it in our power to shew
We'll do as much as men can do ;

Therefore, to put us in good plight
For battle, let's drink hard all night.

Then drink about to drown all sorrow,
Fighting will make us cool to-morrow.

Soon as the sun the Welkin graces,
He'll find a sun in all our faces :

We'll make our phiz's shine so bright,
By drinking punch and ale all night,

120 HOMER'S ILIAD.

The god will stand amaz'd to think
Such virtue lies in mortal drink;
Nor shall he catch us fast asleep,
But rang'd before the boats fix deep :
And you, Atrides, in the front
For once must stand and bear the brunt:
For once, I say, we hope you'll do't,
It is not oft we put you to't.

This speech produc'd a mighty shout,
Whilst he two bumpers fill'd about :
They drank, then rolling on the floor,
Began like aldermen to snore.

END OF BOOK IX.

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THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

*FINDING that no Achilles comes,
Poor Agamemnon bites his thumbs,
And though his heavy eyes kept winking,
He could not steal a nod for thinking
How he from this unlucky scrape
Might with his ragged rogues escape;
For as, says he, our woeful pickle
Requires that ev'ry man shall stickle,
Why should my nob on schemes be poring,
Whilst all the rest like hogs are snoring;*

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G

*So up he gets, sans more ado,
And sends the cuckold Menelāu
To rouse their comrades all, that whether
To run or stay they might consider.
A council call'd, they send from thence
Two spies to steal intelligence ;
And steal they did, for by their prize,
You'd swear he sent two Yorkshire spies,
For after stealing sev'ral purses,
They stole a special pair of horses.*

HOMER's ILIAD.

B O O K X.

THE Greeks, tho' forely drubb'd all day,
Asleep before their scullers lay,
All but poor Agameinnon, who
Could only nod a spell or so.
Sleep he could not for thinking how
T' escape this fi'ry Trojan crew.
As when a barrel of small beer,
No matter whether foul or clear,
Begins to leak, drop follows drop
As fast as wanton schoolboys hop,
So quick the hero sobb'd and sigh'd,
And when he did not sob he cry'd;

124 THE TENTH BOOK OF

Then with a face of rueful length,
He peep'd to 'spy the Trojan's strength,
When to his wond'rous great amaze,
He saw a thousand bonfires blaze,
And heard so plain the Trojans fart,
It vex'd his very guts and heart
To think the rogues were got so near,
That he their very farts could hear,
Which sound he hated full as much
As Britons do the belching Dutch.
In wrath he seiz'd his pye-bal'd hairs,
And lugg'd his loggerhead to pray'rs,
Grunting full sore, in great dispute
To hang himself, or fight it out.
Now whilst these thoughts his noddle pester,
It popp'd into his head that Nestor
Might help him in this pinch to nick
The Trojan culls, by some rogue's trick.
Instant he wraps his body in
A jacket made of lion's skin ;
Then in a pair of slippers neat,
He popp'd his royal dirty feet.
His brother too the gripes had got
So bad, he could not sleep a jot ;
Because these very Greeks which came
To fetch away his light-heel'd dame,
Were drawn into so bad a lay,
They could not fetch themselves away.

He being but of smaller note,
A leopard's skin made him a coat,
Which on he slipt, with cuff and band,
Then took a broomstick in his hand;
And that he might in safety pass,
He cas'd his jobbernoul in brass:
Thus fitted, in a doleful pother,
He trudg'd to find his loving brother,
And 'wake the loon, but on the strand
He found him 'waken'd to his hand.
Close by the stern of his old lighter
He spy'd this famous Grecian fighter,
Striving with all his might to tie
A rusty hanger to his thigh.

The younger brother first begun:
Why puts my bro. his dudgeon on?
Thinks he of sending out some spy
This dark and dismal night, to try
Whether the Trojans are asleep,
Or watch, like prudent fellows, keep?
But who the pox d'ye think will move
This dismal night? not I, by Jove.
The hardest rogue in Fielding's gang,
At such a task an a——e would hang.

The king replies, My loving brother,
To thee my fears what need I smother.
When cases, like our case, are bad,
The best of council must be had.

126 THE TENTH BOOK OF

I wish to Christ thou couldst get Norton,
Or, missing him, couldst meet with Morton;
For Jove you see denies us help,
But lends it to that Trojan whelp.
Would ever man believe that one
Could smoke us all as he has done?
But yesterday that blust'ring scrub,
What heaps of serjeants did he drub!
Apollo, e're his light went out,
Saw how he kick'd us all about;
And yet, like you and I, my brother,
No cunning witch was this man's mother;
Nor eke no conjurer his father;
Yet put his actions altogether,
The unborn Greeks shall wish him rotten,
Who kill'd their dads e're they were gotten:
Don't stand a moment to consider,
But run and send me Ajax hither;
Next hasten to Idomeneus,
And hurry him away to see us.
To Nestor I will go before ye;
Perhaps he's telling some long story,
Such as at any time he'll make
To keep the drunken watchmen 'wake;
For that's his task to-night, and there,
I'm sure th' old cock will shew his care;
But more especially that entry
Where Merion and his son stand sentry.

Thus spoke the king, and Menelau
Replies: Pray, brother, when I go,
And shall your orders safely carry,
Must I return, or must I tarry?

Tarry, be sure, replies the brother,
We else shall miss of one another;
The night is rather thick than clear,
And candles are excessive dear:
The very last half pound we bought
You fetch'd yourself, and paid a groat;
Besides our lanthorns were, you know,
All broke to shatters long ago,
But we must shift without 'em now:
What I would recommend to you,
Is all our ragged rogues to chear;
Tell 'em what whelps their fathers were.
For us, since things so bad are got,
We e'en must work, or go to pot.
Jove has decreed that man must labour,
E'en kings must sometimes help their neighbour.
In former times 'twas often done,
But now as often let alone;
Necessity has driv'n me to't,
Or I'd be hang'd before I'd do't.

At this each went their men to seek.
The king soon found the queer old Greek,

128 THE TENTH BOOK OF

Stretch'd in his hammock snug ; he found him
With clubs, oak-sticks, and broomstaves round
him.

Like an old coachman, tho' unable
To drive, yet loves the smell o' th' stable.
Th' old firelock on his guard did keep
A sprite, call'd Fear, prevented sleep ;
He lean'd his head upon his hand,
And call'd aloud, Plague on you, stand !
Say who the pox are you that keep
Strolling about whilst folks should sleep ?
Perhaps you're some poor hungry thief,
Whose nose has smelt my leg of beef ;
If so, you've nos'd it mighty soon,
'Twas only bak'd this afternoon ;
Or do you haunt some other prey,
Or seek some sentry run away ;
Be who you will it would undo ye,
If I should make the moon shine thro' ye.

Then Agamemnon thus replies :
I'll tell thee all without disguise ;
And thou, in whom our nation glories
For telling Canterbury storys,
Shalt hear a tale as lamentable
As any thou thyself art able
To find in all thy endless budget,
With patience listen then, and judge it :

For curst ill fortune now astride is
Across the back of poor Atrides ;
And Jove resolves, tho' e'er so stout,
With rubs and cuffs to wear him out.
On my tir'd knees my liver rocks,
My heart against my body knocks ;
On fifty things I poring keep,
But cannot get a wink of sleep,
And find myself so plaguy queer
I can't be easy any where :
For the poor Greeks I'm sorely troubl'd,
Because by me they've been so bubbl'd :
Now if thy cunning nob should teem
With any pretty likely scheme
How to repair this last day's scrubbing,
And save us such another drubbing,
Speak instantly ; a friend in need
Is truly call'd a friend indeed.
And then, old buff, we'll go together
And cheer those bucks who're watching whether
These damn'd infernal Trojan tartars
May not by night beat up our quarters.
Th' old cock replies, I've often said it,
You must give Jove a little credit ;
He's sometimes cross, but altogether
He best can rule both wind and weather.
This Hector, tho' he hector now,
Another time what will he do ?

130 THE TENTH BOOK OF

Should our Achilles come to fight him,
I'll answer for it he'd b——sh——te him.
Be that as't may, just here I stand
Your humble servant at command:
But let us summon for this bout
Some other bucks to help us out;
And to explain the matter fully,
That canting lying rascal Uly
Will help us greatly with his cunning;
Then bold Oileus, fam'd for running;
There's Meges too, a strong-back'd whelp,
With Diomed, will greatly help.
But let some other spark, d'ye see,
With nimbler heels than you or me,
Run to the t'other end o' th' fleet,
And call the constable of Crete.
With bully Ajax, or some other,
I'll rouse that drowsy whelp your brother,
And hear what lame excuse he'll make
For snoring when he should awake.
Now, as this war was of his brewing,
He ought to do what you are doing,
And of himself, have taken care
In work as well as sleep to share;
For at this dreadful pinch of pinches,
We all are lost if one man flinches.
To whom the king: Without dispute
You're often right, but now you're out.

My brother never takes the lead,
 Because he knows that I'm the head ;
 No man's more ready to obey,
 When his commander leads the way.
 You blame him oft, which you are right in,
 For loving whoring more than fighting ;
 But this hard pinch, if I must tell ye,
 Rumbld so sorely in his belly,
 He could not lay in bed, d'ye see,
 So e'en got up, and call'd on me ;
 Then posted forward with intention
 To rouse the very whelps you mention :
 And whilst we idly here are prating,
 I'll hold a tester they are waiting
 Where I a council bad them call,
 At th' alehouse underneath the wall ;
 There they may sit secure and snug :
 The watchmen for a single mug
 Will look so sharp, you need not fear 'em,
 They'll let no Trojan Rogues come near 'em.
 Zocks ! says old Nestor, by Apollo,
 If that's the case, we'll quickly follow :
 I'll in a twinkling put my coat on ;
 Such jobbs as these as soon as thought on
 Should be perform'd, so let's away
 And shew him we can both obey.
 With that his gummey eyes he washes,
 And cas'd his legs in spatterdashies ;

132 THE TENTH BOOK OF

Then on his arms began to pull
 An old red waistcoat lin'd with wool;
 And e're he left the tent he took
 A saplin of the toughest oak.
 Then thro' the drowsy croud he pass'd,
 And call'd Ulysses out in haste.
 Ulysses starting heard his voice,
 And ran to see who made such noise.

Old dad, says Ithacus, I'm sorry
 To find your beard in such a hurry.
 You must be in a woeful fright
 To wander out so late at night:
 Those scoundrel rogues of reformation,
 The pest of ours and ev'ry nation,
 Durst hardly, tho' so vile a crew,
 Disturb so grave a man as you.

When Nestor answers: Our bad station
 Requires indeed a reformation:
 But tho' thy cunning nob, Ulysses,
 To trace out knowledge seldom misses,
 In whatsoever shape she dwells,
 As folks guess eggs by seeing shells:
 Yet now we lack, to mend what's past,
 Of wisdom every grain thou hast,
 For all the brains that god e'er gave us
 Must be employ'd this night to save us:
 We must resolve before 'tis day
 Either to fight or run away;

For if it should be found, upon
A consultation, we must run,
As I am fearful that's the case,
The sooner we jog off this place
The better ; for when folks depart
Incog. they also take good start.

The moment that Ulysses heard
This speech from honest grizzle-beard,
He turn'd him short, and in he went
To fetch his potlid from his tent,
Made of a flaming old coach-door,
And therefore finely painted o'er ;
Then join'd the noble captains twain,
And trotted with them o'er the plain.
Quickly bold Diomed they found
Beside his tent upon the ground,
With all his bloods and bucks around.

In spite of fear they slept secure,
A mile at least you'd hear 'em snore.
Around the circle stood a row
Of broomstaves, stuck upright for shew ;
On earth a cow's black hide was spread,
Which serv'd to make this hero's bed,
Who for his pillow roll'd a piece
Of moth-eat tap'stry brought from Greece,

Old Nestor kick'd him with his foot
To wake him, but could hardly do't.

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Then with a thund'ring voice he cries,
For god's sake Diomed arise;
How can you thus lie snoring here,
Whilst all your comrades funk for fear?
The Trojans upon yonder hill,
Can leap our walls whene'er they will.

Tyides, in a mighty pother,
Pull'd one eye open, then the other;
Then to old grey-beard 'gan to swear,
D---n your old soul, what brought you here?
If 'tis resolv'd no man shall sleep,
But every buck on guard must keep,
Send younger puppies to awake 'em,
Your gouty legs can't undertake 'em;
They sleep so sound that you must kick 'em,
Or take a corking pin to prick 'em.

Nestor replies: My friend, d'ye see,
I thank you for your care of me.
I might have sent an aid-de-camp,
(You know the chest allows me one)
Or given orders to my son;
But things are now so bad we must
No mortals but our own selves trust;
So strangely are we out of joint,
Each man stands on a needle's point,
And therefore each in this disaster,
Must shew himself a ballance-master,

Like Prussia's king, for now or never
We stand, or tumble down for ever.
Yet as you think I am too old
To trudge about in nights so cold,
So soon as thou hast got thee drest,
Go thou, my boy, and rowse the rest :
Thy nimble heels may useful be ;
Serving the state is serving me.

He said ; when lo ! the valiant knight
Jump'd from his cow-skin bolt upright ;
Then with a wooden skewer did pin
Across his back a lion's skin,
Which he had plunder'd in great wrath
From an old lion starv'd to death ;
Then grasp'd a cudgel in his hand,
And scowr'd away along the strand.
Bold Meges ears he first did shake,
Then kick'd the lesser Ajax wake ;
Just gave 'em time to don their shoes,
And hy'd to th' place of rendezvous,
A penny pot-house, known by all,
And by 'em call'd th' Hole i' th' wall :
And now they all approach'd the gate
Where twenty ragged sentries sat ;
A sharp look-out the knaves did keep,
Fear would not let them fall asleep.
Thus have I seen, if right I judge it,
A cur-dog guard a tinker's budget.

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The thief to steal the budget tries,
 Yet cannot gain the weighty prize ;
 Turn as he may, do what he will,
 The mongrel guards the budget still :
 Just so these loons at ev'ry sound :
 Would whip their eyes and ears around ;
 Tho' the least noise did so affright 'em,
 It made the better half besh—e 'em.
 Old Nestor joy'd to find 'em wake,
 And each man by the hand did shake,
 Tho' had his nose been worth the keeping,
 He soon had smelt what bar'd their sleeping ;
 However, at his usual rate,
 The good old soul began to prate.

My boys, says he, if thus you watch,
 These Trojan rogues will meet their match ;
 But if you slack your hands a jot,
 I'll venture to be hang'd or shot
 If ev'ry soul don't go to pot.

}

Just as he spoke this queer old bitch
 Gave a great jump across the ditch ;
 His comrades follow'd on a heap,
 Some straddl'd o'er, but most did leap,
 All but great Ajax, slow and stout,
 He tumbl'd in, then rumbl'd out :
 Last Merion came in mighty fufs,
 Join'd with that whelp Antilochus.

A place they found, which all that day
 Had shar'd but little cudgel play,
 The very spot where Mrs. Night
 Stop'd bully Hector in the fight;
 And had he not been so o'er taken,
 Nought could have sav'd the Grecians' bacon;
 No other spot on all the plains
 Was free from blood, and mud, and brains.
 Here they sat down, when Nestor's tongue
 Its usual clack began to run:

Is there, says he, an heart of oak
 'Mongst us, is there a bully rock
 Dares steal into the Trojan camp,
 Without the aid of link or lamp,
 To seize some stragler in the dark,
 Or listen, and their council mark,
 Whether they mean our boats t' attack,
 Or to their village hasten back.
 This could he learn, and tell our peers,
 And safe return with both his ears,
 What an amazing share of glory
 Would fall to him in future story,
 When good old wives shall tell the tale
 O'er roasted eggs and butter'd ale:
 Beside his country would bestow
 A score of shillings, if not two;
 And when our chiefs their mutton roast
 His share would always be the most.

Struck speechless by the goddess Fear,
The captains look'd confounded queer,
All but the bold Tydides, who
Brawls out, Why I myself will go
Thro' all the Trojan camp, and try
What weighty matters I can 'spy.
Within my breast a spirit lies
That tells me I shall gain some prize;
Not such a spright as moves the quaker,
When he turns carnal undertaker;
This is a knowing honest spright,
As true as highland second fight.
But tho' I'm not afraid, yet mind me
A trusty comrade you must find me,
As ev'ry man of sense will own
Two heads are better far than one:
For when two men stand back to back
They spy all matters in a crack;
What's right a-head* I need but mind,
My friend looks sharp to all behind:
Then if we fall into a scrape,
One helps the other to escape.
When one poor thief goes out and steals,
I've known him run like twenty de'els,
With nought but conscience at his heels;
But when there's two, we know for certain
The scoundrels do each other hearten.

* A sea term for right forward.

If that's the case with thieves, we then
Are sure 'twill do for honest men.

The moment this harangue was done,
Up jump'd the captains every one ;
For as one man was only wanted,
That each would 'scape they took for granted,
I'll go says bully Ajax, d——n me,
And I, says little Ajax, slamm me ;
Crys Merion I will go for one,
And I, quoth chatt'ring Nestor's son,
At which the cuckold Menelau
Took heart of grace, and swore he'd go ;
Ulysses saw, by what was done,
The odds would be full five to one
He did not go, so boldy cries,
I'll take my chance, boys, smite my eyes ;
When thus great Agamemnon bellows,
Now, by my soul, you're clever fellows ;
But the bold-hearted Diom. must
Point out the man he best can trust ;
Therefore, sans favour and affection,
Take thou, my boy, thy own election ;
'Twixt man and man pay thou no def'rence,
Nor give to any lord the pref'rence,
Unless it suit thy own accord,
Not merely 'cause he is a lord :
For you, as well as I, can scan
Ribbands and stars don't make a man.

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The gen'ral thus his fears did smother,
Lest he should chuse his loving brother.

Then thus says Diomed the Steady,
My Lord, I've made my choice already;
Nor think my judgment much amiss is,
When I declare I chuse Ulysses.

That I have courage, I am told,
But then he's wise as well as bold;
His crafty nob will ever be

A scare-crow to his enemy:
Guided by such a cunning elf,
I'll face the muckle de'el himself.

Ulysses cries, My friend, hush! hush!
You'd make a modest fellow blush;
None but a courtier, or his Grace,
Can bear such praising to his face;
But whilst we chatter thus and prate,
We never dream it grows so late:
White streaks the bluish sky do wrinkle,
And the north star begins to twinkle.
If any thing we think of doing,
Its time, by Jove, we should be going.

No sooner was it said than done:
They whipp'd their greasy buff-coats on:
When Thrasymed, a man of note,
A potlid and a hanger brought,
Which he the varlet Diom. lent;
Then for an old church bucket sent,

With dirt and mouldy greafe o'erspread :
 This serv'd to case his leather head.
 Ulysses next was fitted out,
 With an old hanger for this bout ;
 When Merion, that he nought might lack,
 Hung him a bow upon his back ;
 And then, to guard his paper skull,
 Sent him a cap well-lin'd with wool,
 Which was made wond'rous fine before
 With two grim tusshes of a boar.
 His scull-cap, tho' not worth a louse
 Was stole by one Antolychus
 From rich Amyntor, and the knave
 The prize to Amphidamus gave ;
 Molus, Amphidamus lent it,
 And he to valiant Merion sent it ;
 Merion it was given now
 To guard this fly old soaker's brow.
 As fitted out, no leave they take,
 Scower away through bush and brake ;
 Run up before their noses flew
 As we call an heron-sue ;
 'twas so dark they could not 'spy
 At bird it was by th' naked eye ;
 Tho' to you it odd may seem,
 They knew her when they heard her scream ;
 As, who was glad to start up
 To keep his heart up,

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Swore that it was a lucky sign,
Because to th' right she took a twine ;
Then, to give weight to what he's saying,
The cunning rascal falls a praying,
And like a canting knave in town,
Cock'd one eye up and t'other down.

Daughter, says he, of thund'ring Jove,
Who holds you all in awe above,
(For did he not the scales keep even,
You'd out o' th' windows throw all heaven) !
Thou who hast aided my escape,
From many a bitter bang and scrape,
Assist us, whilst this night we roam,
To steal and carry something home !
That Trojans yet unborn may rue
The loss of goods they never knew.
Then Diomed began to pray,
But spoke just as a man may say :

Daughter of Jove, began he too,
I've as great right to pray to you
As this same canting rogue Ulysses,
Who, I've a notion, never misses
To pray for aught that he may want,
Because you seldom fail to grant ;
And therefore as he leads the way,
I'll try a spell how I can pray,
Tho' being us'd so little to't,
I shall be damn'd hard switch'd to do't ;

and would much rather, you are sure,
box a whole week than pray an hour.
But stop; a-hem', I have it now:
daughter of thund'ring Jove, as you
my little father did defend,
I hope you'll prove his bastard's friend:
when he left Esopus' banks,
and mingl'd with the Theban ranks,
messenger he went from Greece,
to make, or else to patch a peace;
for in those days our records shew
aces were patch'd as well as now;
altho' he went in peaceful fashion,
he came back in a bitter passion,
when boxing bore down all resistance,
and drubb'd the dogs by thy assistance:
now as thou didst my father help,
thou shalt assist his hopeful whelp;
and by my soul, as I'm a finner,
I'll ask you to a handsome dinner.
I'll kill a cow both fat and good,
and you shall have the guts and blood.
As Diomed, tho' hard put to't,
his bidding pray'r at last made out;
Pallas, as it plain appears,
was en'd to both with both her ears.
I'm like two hungry half-starv'd cats
so long to be amongst the rats,

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They crept, as if they trod on eggs,
Through heaps of mangled arms and legs.

Now Hector from the close of day had
Taken as little rest as they had,
And would sleep none, you need not doubt him,
But call'd his Trojan bloods about him ;
When thus the mighty Trojan, Broughton,
Began a speech they little thought on :

My lads, says he, I would not wrong ye,
But I'm afraid there's not among ye
A brave bold-hearted buck that's willing
To risque his neck, and earn a shilling
By looking sharp amongst these fighters,
And learn what's doing in their lighters ;
'Spy if a proper watch they keep,
Or like good city watchmen sleep,
What resolution is begun,
Whether the rogues will stand or run ?
By him that rolls the rumbling thunder,
I'll give him choice of all the plunder ;
Himself shall chuse from all the rest
The cart that suits his fancy best.

Just as he spoke, their eyes were all on
A simple yongster fix'd, call'd Dolon,
Who was, they say, the only lad
The rich old cuff Eumedes' had ;
But he had five fine girls beside,
As any man would wish to ride.

The boy had carts and horses store,
And yet the bastard wanted more.
Tho' he was not so handsome quite
As Molly ——'s catamite,
Yet he had got (I scorn to wrong 'em)
The nimblest pair of heels among 'em.

Hector, says he, myself will venture
Among those Grecian boats to enter.
Hold up your broomstaff in your hand,
And swear to grant what I demand;
For you must know, good Sir, my will is
To have the horses of Achilles,
And his fine cart with painted rails,
Stuck full of shining large brass nails.
Say but the word, they shall be mine,
I'll quickly smoke out their design;
I'll steal, by such temptations led,
Under great Agamemnon's bed.

His broomstaff then above his head
Great Hector rear'd, whilst thus he said:
Be witness thou, whose rumbling thunder
Makes wicked reprobates knock under,
Drives the vile scoundrels helter skelter
To ale and cyder vaults for shelter,
I promise, 'e're the Greeks we fall on,
To give these nags to none but Dolon.

Thus Hector swore; but Jove, they say,
Was looking then another way,

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'Whether some bullock's guts were burning,
 And he that way his head was turning ;
 Or saw some virgin, which was better,
 And was contriving how to get her,
 Thinking if he from home could gull her,
 Like fair Europa, he might bull her ;
 Be that as't may, his noddle now
 Heard not a word of Hector's vow.
 Howe'er, the lad prepar'd to go,
 And slung across his back his bow ;
 Then o'er his narrow shoulders ty'd,
 To keep him warm, a grey wolf's hide ;
 A brown fur cap, well lin'd within
 With rabbit, or else weazle's skin,
 Serv'd his mishapen pate to grace,
 And cover'd half his weazle face.
 With an oak stick he grop'd the track,
 And went,---but never yet came back.
 A mile he walk'd not, nor three quarters,
 Before he met this pair of Tartars.

Ulysses, that sly lurching dog,
 Heard first, and gave a gentle jog
 To Diomed : then whisp'ring cries,
 Flux me but both my ears tell lies,
 If I don't hear a pair of feet
 That seem to travel to our fleet ;
 Some spy perhaps, like us, agoing
 To see what t'other side are doing,

Or pilf'ring rogue stole out of bed
To pick the pockets of the dead.
Be what he will we hear will lay,
Quite snug, and let him go his way,
'Till opportunity shall come
To get betwixt the knave and home;
Then, if he prove for us too speedy,
My friend, take care that you be ready
To nose him out in ev'ry track,
And I'll take care he shant get back.

At this they step'd along the grass,
And stoop'd to let poor Dolon pass.
Go where he would these sharpeners mind him,
And follow pretty close behind him:
There was not, could the eye have seen 'em,
Above a rood of land between 'em.
Now Dolon heard a sort of humming,
But thought some messenger was coming
To bring him back, 'till drawing near
He quick'y smelt out who they were;
Smelt 'em I say, because they tell us
The Greeks were dev'lish sweaty fellows,
Therefore no wonder he so well
Could nose 'em by their frowsey smell.
On which a strong desire he feels
To trust his good old friends, his heels.
Swift as a hare away he flew,
Whilst they, like staunch old hounds pursue,

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Cut short the ground he scamper'd over,
And met him as he made to cover ;
And thus, in spite of all his heels,
They drove him 'mongst the Grecian keels :
When Pallas comes to Diomed,
Says she, You run a hellish speed,
But this same Dolon, I speak true,
Runs half as fast again as you,
And, if a race you longer hazard,
'Tis odds but he will burst your mazard ;
And then some Greek will kill him, so
What you have done for nought will go.

At this he roars with threat'ning hand :
You cursed dog, if you don't stand,
The moment that your long legs fail ye,
Blast my old slippers but I'll nail ye.

His trusty broomstaff then he threw,
Which over Dolon's shoulder flew,
But whiz'd so as it pass'd his ear,
It stak'd him to the ground with fear :
Trembling he stood a dev'lish odd piece,
Whilst his teeth chatter'd in his c--piece.

The bullies, almost burst with trying
T'outrun him, came and seiz'd him crying.

Blubb'ring he roars : You see I wont
Run any more, so pray ye don't
Hurt a poor hopeful harmless lad ;
And I can tell ye my old dad

Has silver store, and copper too,
Which he will freely give to you.

Uly, whose ears would bear no stopper,
When silver chink'd, or even copper,
At present makes this queer reply :
Be bold, my cock, don't fear to die ;
But tell us why, instead of sleeping,
You chuse to spend your time in peeping.
Did Hector's bribes set you a-going
To find what bus'ness we were doing ?
Or by yourself, whilst all are snoring,
You're got upon some scheme of whoring ?
Or are you some poor lousey soul,
Sprung up from Hockley in the hole,
Come to steal waistcoats from the dead,
To pawn for porter, cheese, and bread ?
Tell us, my boy, and tell us true,
And then you'll see what we shall do.

Whilst Dolon took some time to pause,
His grinders ratt'ling in his jaws,
With doleful phiz at last he speaks :
I'll tell you all, thrice worthy Greeks !
'Twas Hector's bribes that wrought my fall ;
He promis'd me the devil and all,
No less, confound his puffs and brags,
Than those two famous sorril nags
That draw Achilles when he rides ;
The cart was promis'd me besides.

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Those damn'd br ss polish'd nails that shine,
And make his cart so flaming fine,
Tempted my loggerhead to venture,
And on this curst commission enter,
Which was to learn if madam Fear
Had made ye run, or kept ye here,
Or if there was a chance of snapping
A proper time to catch you knapping.

Body o' me ! Ulysses cries,
You ask'd the devil of a prize.
How couldst thou be so strangely flamm'd ?
Thou drive his horses ! thou be d——d.
Did you not know, you stupid elf,
No one alive, except himself,
Can either drive his tits, or catch 'em ?
Beaver himself could never match 'em.
But he can stop 'em with a twitch,
'Cause got upon a water witch ;
Had he been mortal man, I know,
They'd broke his neck some years ago.
But, if you'd have me your protector,
Say where the great kill-devil Hector
His quarters keeps, and where's his stable ;
We'll steal his nags if we are able.
Where do the other captains sleep ?
How many watchmen do they keep ?
But tell us truly, whilst you're doing,
What kind of mischief they are brewing ;

Whether they'll stay to cut our throats,
And burn our crazy rotten boats,
Or think 'tis better to employ
Their strength to guard their whore's nest Troy.
Thus spake Ulysses ; and this Dolon,
Whom these two rogues design'd to fall on,
Cries, like a coward son of whore,
I'll tell you all the truth, and more.
On Ilus' grave, as I conjecture,
The captains club their pates with Hector :
As to the watchmen, a small share
Are thinly scatter'd here and there,
And e'en those few that watch should keep,
Like city watchmen, soundly sleep.
The Trojans only watch the hives,
For fear the Greeks should trim their wives :
But all the foreigners, who're come
To help us, left their wives at home,
For, as one woman caus'd the rout
That all this mischief is about,
Should we our wenches bring, think they,
The devil then would be to pay,
For mischief's never in perfection,
Unless when under their direction ;
Therefore in leaving them we find
They left their greatest plagues behind,
And now they sleep as free from care
As if your Greekships were not near.

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Then says Ulysses : Tell us I pray
Where do those sleeping fellows lay ;
Amongst the Trojans do they snore,
Or by themselves along the shore ?

I'll tell you all, replies the spy,
And how their raggamuffins lye.
The Peons first, who shoot their arrows
So true they hit tom-tits or sparrows :
The Carions, sharp as wolves or falcons
At beef and pudding : then the Caucons,
With the Pelasgians, hardy mortals
At drinking punch, and eating turtles :
And last the Leleges, who lye
Along the shore : and pretty nigh,
A little higher, snores the Lycian,
With the Mæonian, and the Mycian :
Quite snug, near Thymbra's old mud wall,
The Phrygian horse are there : and all
The Thracians pig in by themselves,
A set of roaring, sturdy elves,
That came last night, led on by Rhesus,
A fellow twice as rich as Cræsus ;
In your born days you never saw
Such milk-white tits, they beat the snow ;
With silver all his cart is grac'd,
And his buff jacket double lac'd.
Now you have heard my mournful ditty,
I hope you'll spare a little pity :

Keep me in limbo 'till you can try
If I don't scorn to tell a lye.

When Diomed replies : I vow
I han't a grain of pity now
Left for such sneaking rogues as you.
Should we dismiss thee home to-night,
Such scurvy whelps will never fight,
But sure as eggs we by and by
Again should catch thee as a spy.

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The moment that these words he said,
He from his shoulders whip'd his head,
Which at that time for grace was seeking,
So as it fell continued speaking,
And even on the ground lay mutt'ring,
And for a minute good kept sputt'ring,
But chang'd its language when it fell,
And wish'd the rascals both in hell.
Quickly these champions fierce begin
To steal his cap and grey wolf's skin,
Nor did they miss his bow and stick ;
When pop, and in the very nick,
It came into Ulysses' head
To cheat his comrogue Diomed.

Tydides, says this face of gallows,
One day as I held chat with Pallas,
She told me, maugre all her care,
Her goat-skin coat was grown thread-bare,

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She therefore would be much my debtor,
If I another coat could get her,
From Monmouth-street, she said, would do,
'Cause she could not afford one new :
Times are as hard, she let me know,
Above stairs as they are below ;
Not one of all the royal pages
But wants six quarters of his wages,
Occasioned by a thriving band,
That keep the money in their hand ;
Then added, if a coat you see
That's pretty cheap, pray buy it me.
What better can she have than these ?
Which we'll present her if you please ;
Then, without waiting a reply,
Thus pray'd, and upward cock'd his eye :
Broughtonian queen ! receive these goods,
And do not leave us in the fuds,
But help us now to mind our hits,
And boldly steal these Thracian tits,
Nor suffer any Trojan scrub
Thy true and trusty 'squires to drub.
'Twill only be a grateful deed
To help us in this time of need,
Because of all the sky-bred crew,
We say our pray'rs the first to you.

With sapient face, so saying, he
Hung the wolfs hide upon a tree,

Though not so high but he could reach it,
 Pallas he knew would never fetch it;
 Then scatter'd reeds along the track,
 To help to guide their rogueships back.
 Now o'er the field they sculk away,
 Like bailiffs hunting for their prey.
 They found the Thracians in a trench,
 Snoring like judges on the bench:
 A broomstaff lay at each man's side,
 And to their carts their nags were tied.
 The luckless Rhesus soon they spy
 Amongst his raggamuffins lye;
 His two brave geldings, fit to start
 For thousands, stood behind his cart.
 Ulysses, ever quick of sight,
 Was first to see th' unlucky wight.

Then, pointing, to his comroque cries:
 See there, my boy, a tempting prize!
 Rhesus, the cart and horses too,
 Are planted fair within your view;
 Besides the jirkin lac'd with gold,
 Of which we were by Dolon told.
 I'm pretty sure, before we part,
 That one of us may steal the cart:]
 If you don't feel your courage lags,
 Kill you the loons, I'll steal the nags.

He said; and Pallas, never slack
 At mischief, clapt the whelp o' th' back;

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On which the rascal fell to kicking,
Slashing, and cutting throats, and sticking,
As if the devil had directed,
And all his roguish pranks protected,
Where'er the varlet walk'd or stood,
He made the ground all wet with blood.
Just so the cat, that guards the house,
Leaps from the dresser on a mouse ;
Pots, pans, and kettles, all give way,
'Till puss has seiz'd the tremb'ling prey.
Just so this dog pursu'd his luck,
'Till he'd a dozen Thracians stuck.
Ulysses, as his friend did stick 'em,
Behind a cock of hay did kick 'em,
For fear, he said, the horses might
At dead men's bodies take a fright ;
But the true reason was, the elf
Could pick their pockets by himself,
And that he did, but by the bye,
'Tis only known to you and I.
Now, having murder'd twelve, at last
They found poor Rhesus snoring fast.
Pallas had sent an ugly dream,
Wherein a Dutch-built thief did seem
To shake a snickerfneeing knife,
And swear he'll have his purse and life.
All this he dreamt, old Homer knew,
But never wak'd to find it true.

Ulysses quickly seiz'd the bits,
 And bridl'd both the flaming tits,
 Leading them out, to make 'em go,
 He smack'd their buttocks with his bow.
 Tho' the whip hung where he might reach it,
 He durst as well be hang'd as fetch it;
 But tipp'd the sign to Diomed
 To come away with all his speed.
 Now he was standing to consider,
 And think about the matter whether
 To stick more men, which he could do,
 Or steal the cart and jacket too.
 Pallas, who saw him thus dispute
 Within himself, in haste roars out,
 Pray what the pox are you about?
 Enough in conscience have you done,
 And split me but it's time to run :
 In jobbs like these the man that lingers
 Is sure at last to burn his fingers.
 When Diom. heard Minerva say
 That she would have him run away,
 He knew she scorn'd her friends to banter,
 So mounts, and pops into a canter ;
 For wise men oft exert their might in
 Running away as well as fighting.
 Ulysses with his bow-string flogging
 Took care to keep these cart tits jogging.

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Now sage Apollo, Hector's friend,
 Had seen the jade from heav'n descend,
 And guess'd it was for no good end.
 He saw her help this Diomed
 To kill poor people in their bed ;
 Which vex'd him so, he wip'd him down,
 And wak'd the trusty Hippocoon,
 Who came on Rhesus to attend,
 And was his coz. as well as friend.
 The moment that this loving cousin
 Awak'd, he saw a baker's dozen
 Of Thracians kill'd, and, what much worse is,
 The rogues had carry'd off the horses.
 At this poor Hip. began to cry,
 And wring his hands most bitterly :
 For all he sobb'd, but Rhesus long
 Remain'd the burthen of his song.
 The Trojans flock about and stare,
 Wond'ring what rascals had been there.
 In the mean while these Yorkshire dealers,
 By London juries call'd horfestealers,
 As they convey'd their tits away,
 Had reach'd the place where Dolon lay.
 Ulysses stop'd, and begg'd Tydide
 To 'light, and fetch the grey wolf's hide,
 With arrows, bow, and staff, and all
 They had from long legg'd Dolon stole.

This done, with all their might and pow'r,
 Like thieves pursu'd, away they scow'r.
 Old Nestor was in woeful doubt,
 And therefore kept a sharp look-out ;
 So, when the thieving rogues drew near 'em,
 No wonder he was first to hear 'em.
 And hear old squaretoes did for sure,
 For thus th' old buff began to roar :

Lay but your ears upon the ground,
 And, if you do not hear the sound
 Of horses galloping this road,
 Call me a stupid queer old toad.
 Some geldings they perhaps have stole,
 (I wish they may with all my soul !)
 And now perhaps are rattling come
 In triumph with their booty home,
 Tho' faith I cant help looking blue ;
 Pray Jove my fears don't prove too true !
 But I'm afraid they may be watch'd,
 If so, they'll soon be overmatch'd,
 And then (avert it, O ye gods !)
 Demolish'd will they be by odds.

These words had hardly clear'd his gums,
 But up the rogue Tydides comes ;
 Ulysses follow'd : off they jump,
 The greensword rattl'd with the thump.
 Each captain shak'd them by the hand,
 With---Well, and how do matters stand ?

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We funk'd a little, faith and troth,
Lest we should lose you one or both.

But silence call'd, the queer old Greek,
Who always claim'd first turn to speak,
Began this speech : Ye sons of thunder,
Pray tell us in the name of wonder
Where you purloin'd these nags, which I
Suspect ar'n't come at honestly.
As sure as Hellen is a punk,
You've found some whoring god dead drunk,
Or fast asleep, so stole these nags,
Which beat Apollo's all to rags ;
I'll take upon my oath to swear,
He never yet had such a pair,
Tho' he's oblig'd, or lose his pay,
To run his hacknies ev'ry day,
And therefore in discretion ought
To have the best that can be bought.
Tho' I am old, yet strike me stiff,
And dry me for a mummy, if
In all the lands I've travell'd o'er
I ever saw such nags before.
But speak the truth, if on the road
You did not fudge 'em from some god,
As we all know, when once your're set
On thieving, nothing 'scapes your net,
And Jove himself, and Pallas too,
Have help'd your roguish tricks 'e're now.

When Ithacus begins to chatter :
 Old dad, says he, 'tis no such matter.
 God gives us grace, and that of course is
 Much better for our souls than horses ;
 But these grey nags were born in Thrace ;
 Their master to a better place,
 Or worse, is gone, I can't say whither,
 But bold Tydides sent him thither ;
 And with him a round dozen went
 Of scrubs, that for his guard were meant ;
 And they have prov'd so very civil,
 As guard their master to the devil.
 But at our lucky setting out,
 I should have told we seiz'd a scout,
 So judg'd it would be for the best,
 To hell to send this prying guest,
 To speak warm places for the rest,
 Which we design'd should quickly follow,
 Unless prevented by Apollo ;
 So Diomed the scoundrel led of,
 And in a moment whipp'd his head of :
 This said, he took him up a switch,
 And spank'd the horses o'er the ditch ;
 The rabble follow'd all the way,
 Roaring huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 And ne'er could get their wide mouths shut,
 Until they reach'd the gen'ral's hut ;

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There his old tits, not worth a guinea,
Welcom'd the strangers with a whinney ;
Then for a handsome sort of treat,
As oats were scarce, they gave 'em wheat.
This done, Ulysses takes a trip
With Dolon's hide on board his ship ;
Where on the stern-post did he stretch it,
Then bad Minerva come and fetch it ;
By this rogue's trick, 'tis pretty clear
He cheated Diom. of his share.
Now in the sea, to keep 'em sweet,
They wash'd their dirty sweaty feet ;
And to refresh them from their toil,
Their noses rubb'd with fallad oil ;
And then, to give their stomachs ease,
Each cut a slice of bread and cheese :
But, as on Pallas first they think,
To her they fill th' first mug of drink,
Which gently on the ground they pour,
And bid her lick it off the floor ;
But how she did, to me's a doubt
Which I could never yet make out :
And now these jovial lucky fellows,
Chaunted, Old Rose, and burn the Bellows,
Having great reason to believe
The next time they went out to thieve,

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This scratching brim, without dispute,
Would stand their friend, and help 'em out :
Joyful they dance, and sing, and roar,
'Till they can sing and dance no more ;
Then smoke their pipes, and drink, and funk,
'Till ev'ry soul got bloody drunk.

END of BOOK X.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

A R G U M E N T.

*THE Grecian chief his jacket put on,
Tho' there was not a single button
Remain'd to make it fast about him,
Yet as they could not do without him,
He did not stay to buy a red cord,
But ty'd it round him with his bed cord,
Then strutted at the head of such,
As chose to venture t'other touch;
Whilst Hector, ever bold and steady,
Soon got his trusty Trojans ready:
For signal, two celestial strumpets
Employ their tongues instead of trumpets:*

*Jove thunder'd too, but his poor noise
 Was drown'd in their much shriller voice;
 For such a din they made at starting,
 His thunder sounded just like farting:
 And now, whilst Agamemnon mauls
 The Trojans, Jove for Iris calls;
 He wanted Iris, to direct her
 To go and caution bully Hector
 To let this Grecian bruiser roam
 'Till some chance knock should send him home.
 Then Hector makes a woeful rout,
 And kicks the Grecians all about,
 Whoe'er he hit he surely dropt him,
 'Till Diom. and Ulysses stopt him;
 Stopt for a while, but 'twas not much,
 For Diomed soon got a touch,
 Which made the bully limp away
 And leave Ulysses in the fray,
 Who for his share, besides a sweat,
 Two or three broken ribs did get:
 When Menelau, and Ajax stout,
 Came apropos to help him out.
 Hector for Ajax went to seek,
 But found his nob too hard to break.
 Whilst thus they fume, and sweat, and kick,
 Paris had lent their quack a prick:
 Nestor at this, without delay,
 Drives both himself and quack away.*

*Achilles, who was looking out
 To see what work they were about,
 Sends his companion to enquire
 What made old grizzle-beard retire ;
 The threshold he had scarce set foot on,
 When Nestor seiz'd him by the button ;
 In that condition did he hold him
 'Till he had two long stories told him,
 How cocks and bulls, when he was young,
 Would fight like devils all day long ;
 But still the aim of this old whelp
 Was but to gain Achilles' help,
 Or if he would not come to blows,
 To lend Patroclus his thick cloaths :
 Patroclus then his best legs put on,
 Glad he'd so well releas'd his button,
 And met Euryp'lus as he went
 Limping along to reach his tent ;
 Tho' he just then was running faster
 Than penny postmen, this disaster
 Staid him 'till he had spread a plaister.*

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HOMER'S ILIAD.

B O O K XI.

AND now the morn, with yellow locks,
From Tithon's hammock, stuff'd with
flocks,

Arose, to shew both gods and men
That day was coming once again,
To glad the hearts o' those with light
Whose conscience could not bear the night ;
Lawyers, attorneys, bawds, and pimps,
Born to replenish hell with imps,
A race whose own reflection frets 'em,
And damns 'em e're the devil gets 'em :
When Jove, the constable of heav'n,
Willing to keep things pretty even,
A scolding quean, one Eris, seeks,
And sent her down to help the Greeks ;

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Her tongue he knew there was no holding,
 She storms and tempests rais'd with scolding;
 Away then flies the noisy witch,
 With a long roll well soak'd in pitch,
 The torch of discord call'd by Jove,
 And all the people else above;
 But if to me you'll yield belief,
 'Twas nothing but a lawyer's brief
 Drawn for the plaintiff, and at th' end on't
 Was ty'd another for th' defendant;
 This stuff the goddess Discord thinks
 The best materials for her links,
 So long ago has ceas'd to spin,
 And buys her gear at Lincoln's-Inn.
 One of these torches Eris drew
 Along the sky as down she flew,
 Which forty thousand sparkles shed,
 And mark'd the road she came all red.
 Then fixt upon Ulysses boat,
 And there began to tune her throat,
 Bawling a song to suit the case
 To which her bum play'd thorough bass,
 But made such thund'ring as she trump'd,
 Both Ajax and Achilles jump'd,
 Tho' their two boats could not be under
 Three miles at least, or four asunder;
 Then through the fleet inspires each chief,
 And strews the ashes of the brief.

Such rancour now the varlets fill,
They'll all go box, aye, that they will.
The rogues that readiest stood to run,
Now swear, when once the fray's begun,
They'll never flinch, but box it out,
And have revenge, by Jove, this bout.
Great Agamemnon's first, of course,
And roars 'till he's with roaring hoarse;
Then set th' example, and begun
To put his fighting doublet on;
But lest it should prove rainy weather,
He cas'd his gouty legs in leather,
With metal buttons double gilt,
Then o'er his breast he hung a quilt,
A present from a brother king,
And thought a very curious thing,
For carefully they'd stuff'd within
Ten rows of steel, twice ten of tin,
And ten more, as the story's told,
Of unadulterated gold;
But that, my friends, I know you'll say
'S not Gospel, but Apochrypha:
So let it pass; but what I brag on
Is a most furious flying dragon
Painted thereon, which shone so bright
It beat the rainbow out of sight.
A fine embroider'd belt of buff-skin,
Or doe, or tup, or some such tough skin,

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Serv'd to support his sword and dagger;
 With such our fierce-look'd train bands swagger,
 A potlid hung upon his arm
 To keep off blows, and keep him warm,
 With brazen hoops and brazen center,
 That points of broomsticks might not enter:
 On which a frightful head did grin,
 Almost as ugly as Mifs —,
 And all around, in various places,
 Were grinning chaps and wry-mouth'd faces;
 A snake along the middle spreads,
 With one long tail and three great heads:
 His leathern scull-cap, worn thread bare,
 He furbish'd up with horse's hair;
 Then in his hand two broomstaves shook,
 And look'd as fierce as he could look;
 Thus arm'd complete, he march'd to fright 'em,
 And if that would not do, to fight 'em.
 That instant two damn'd brims above,
 The daughter and the wife of Jove,
 With mighty noise began to roll
 The ball in his great mustard bowl,
 Then clap their hands, and stamp their feet,
 And scold, to make the noise complete;
 Such din as this you need not wonder
 The Grecians took for lucky thunder,
 Which fill'd 'em with such fighting rage,
 They push'd like Britons to engage;

The foot first hasten'd to the battle,
And after them the carts did rattle ;
With such a roaring they begun,
Before his time they wak'd the Sun,
Who hearing such a dreadful clatter,
Jump'd up and cry'd, Zoons, what's the matter !
But both his eyes being clos'd with gum,
From whence this roaring noise did come
He could not spy, 'till fasting spittle
Had op'd his gummy eyes a little.
Jove thunder'd too, for he was mad
To see the dogs so bitter bad ;
To shew 'em that god's curse was on 'em,
He rain'd a shower of blood upon 'em,
Nor would he longer near 'em stay,
But turn'd his back and walk'd away.
Near Ilus' grave, upon the hill,
Was Hector drinking bumpers still ;
Polydamas partook the feast,
With a fly Presbyterian priest,
Eneas call'd, (a rogue whose lights
Would shew you nothing but the whites,
Whene'er he wanted to deceive you,
And helpless in the suds to leave you ;
This he'd perform with such a grace,
You'd ne'er suspect his pious face.)
Brave Polybus, a valiant knight,
Agenor with his second fight,

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Two brothers of Antenor's race,
Around the bottle took their place,
With Acumas, a youth so fair
He made the girls both wish and stare.
Bold Hector at the first alarm
Slung his huge potlid o'er his arm,
Then with a jerk about he goes
And turns out all the Trojan's toes.
Like Jack with Lanthorn, here and there
He whip'd about, and ev'ry where;
Whilst streaming sparkles, as he pass'd,
From his broad metal buttons flash'd.
On Sundays view our Farmer Gooding
When he attacks a suet pudding,
Slice after slice you'll see him cut
And stuff within his gundy gut;
Whilst on the other side his man
Slices as fast as e'er he can;
With eager haste they slice and eat,
'Till both their knives i' th' center meet:
Thus Greeks and Trojans on a sudden,
Tumble like slices of the pudding,
Give and receive most hearty thwacks,
Yet never think to turn their backs,
But scratch, and bite, and tear, and kick,
Like two boar-cats hung 'cross a stick:
Discord, the patroness of law,
With joy this dreadful scuffle saw,

And she alone ; for all the rest
That seats above the moon posselt,
Sat peaceably within their nest,
But could not help a little grumbling
At Jove, for keeping Troy from tumbling.
Now he, good man, was set alone
On his old creckit, call'd a throne,
Where, spite of all his wife could say,
He gave Miss Destiny her way ;
Tho' now and then he squinted down
In great amaze, to see how soon
The varlets crack'd each others crown.
Now, whilst the Sun was working still
To flog his hackneys up the hill,
Both parties fought with equal luck,
And furious blows on each side struck :
But at the time when sea-coal heavers,
With taylor's 'prentices and weavers,
Quit looms and boards, and leave their work
In search of scalded peas and pork ;
Just at that time the Grecks begun
To make some straggling Trojans run :
Atrides seiz'd that crisis too,
To let 'em see what he could do.
Quickly he crack'd Bianor's crown,
Then knock'd his squire Oileus down,

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Who, when he saw his loving master
Get hurt, was coming with a plaster :
The Grecian saw he'd both hands full,
So very boldly crack'd his skull ;
Then of their jackets he bereft 'em,
And naked to the weather left 'em ;
In a great passion on he runs,
And meets with two of Priam's sons ;
One was a bastard, but the other
Was got upon an honest mother,
Who would not let her maidenhead
Be touch'd 'till Christian grace was said ;
But when that's done, e'en touch and touch,
No honest man can do too much.
'These loving brothers, loath to part,
Had hir'd a Norfolk farmer's cart,
Where with great skill they did contrive
'That one should fight, the other drive.
In former days they us'd to keep
On Suffex Downs a flock of sheep.
Achilles, who, as you must note,
Commanded once a smuggling boat,
To steal some sheep one night had landed,
And being then but slender handed,
What does this son of Belial,
But carry off the boys and all ?
And made their dad for their release
Remit him three half-crowns a piece ;

Money ill war'd, since they so soon
 Were knock'd by Agamemnon down.
 On the bold bastard first he prest,
 And lent him a great thump o' th' breast ;
 Instant bestow'd he such another
 Upon the noddle of his brother :
 Flat as along the ground they lay,
 He stole their hats and coats away.
 With aching hearts the Trojans spy him,
 But dare not for their guts come nigh him :
 Thus shoplifts see their brothers taken,
 But dare not stir to save their bacon.
 Still furious on the foe he runs,
 And mauls Antimachus' two sons,
 A sneaking rascal, who had sold
 His vote in parliament for gold,
 From whoring Paris taking pay,
 He made a speech for Nell to stay,
 And humbugg'd all the senate so,
 They bawl'd out aye, instead of no ;
 Now these two lads Atrides caught,
 And drubb'd 'em for the father's fault :
 They'd got a hard-mouth'd resty horse,
 They could not stop with all their force,
 But he would run, aye, that he would,
 Just where this fighting Grecian stood ;
 The lads had pull'd and pull'd in vain,
 So gave it up, and dropt the rein ;

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Then on their kneppers down they fall,
And thus for pity loudly bawl :

Good Mr. Agamemnon spare
Two harmless lads, and hear their pray'r,
For which Antimachus will make
Such presents you'll be glad to take,
When he receives from us a note
You've stow'd us safely in your boat ;
For ransom he will think it proper
To send a stone of brass and copper.
Now, tho' the yonkers pray'd and cry'd,
This harden'd rogue their suit deny'd,
And in a passion thus reply'd :
If you're Antimachus's blood,
I'll sowse ye, by the living g — d ;
That scurvy rascal would, I know,
Have kill'd my brother Menelau,
With fly Ulysses, when from Greece
They came to fetch that precious piece,
That Madam Helen, whose affairs
Have cost more lives than she has hairs ;
No pray'rs that you can coin shall speed
With me to save such scoundrel breed :
No more he said, but on he prest,
And with a woeful thump o' th' breast
He sent the piteous-phiz'd Philander
Amongst the Stygian shades to wander ;

The brother, finding him so tart,
 Leap'd in a hurry from the cart,
 There as he lay upon the sands,
 The ruffian cut off both his hands ;
 Small time he gave him to be vext,
 Because his noddle follow'd next,
 Which as along the grafs he bowl'd,
 It roll'd and bled, and bled and roll'd.
 Whilst he continu'd these mad freaks,
 He double distanc'd all his Greeks :
 Still does he cuff, and bounce, and swear,
 Whilst they all cock their mouths and stare :
 So when the mighty bowl doth fall
 From th' corner of a nine-pin alley,
 Pin after pin by him is thrown,
 'Till the whole nine are tumbl'd down :
 Just so Atrides in a passion
 The Trojans fell'd in ninepin fashion,
 And drove about with such a rumble,
 Whole squadrons either run or tumble ;
 Many a Trojan made he smart,
 And empty'd many a higler's cart :
 The cart-tits, when without a guide,
 Ran like bewitch'd from side to side,
 Farted and kick'd, and flew about ;
 In short, they made such dreadful rout,
 They hurt their Trojan friends much more
 Than they had done 'em good before.

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Whilst the fierce Greek where'er he flew,
Beat the poor devils black and blue,
Had Hector met this Grecian cock,
Depend upon't he'd got a knock ;
But Jove took care he should not meet him,
Lest in his passion he should beat him,
But kept the Trojan free from stains
Of blood, and guts, and scatter'd brains :
And now this furious fighting knave
Drove 'em like smoke by Ilus' grave
Amongst some fig-trees, where for shelter
They ran like wild-fire helter skelter,
Not with design to turn and rally,
But there they knew a dark blind alley
That led directly to the town,
Through which they ran like devils down ;
Atrides ran as fast as they
Bawling and shouting all the way,
'Till he had made himself so hot
He smoak'd like Doiley's porrage pot ;
When coming near the Scean gates
He stops, and for his comrades waits :
In the mean time the Trojans fly,
And ply their heels most lustily.
As when the constable and watchmen
Are on a party sent to catch men,
Who have the day before been dealing
In what the justices call stealing,

Their phiz the thieves no sooner spy
But all to reach the window try,
Their haste occasions such a jumble,
Head over heels the scoundrels tumble,
And wedge themselves so very fast
The hobb'ling watchmen seize the last;
So did Atrides bounce and flick,
And always lent the last a kick:
Thus did he play the de'el and all,
Until he reach'd the Trojan wall,
Which his great fury did design
To tumble down or undermine:
When Jove sent such a show'r of rain
As won't be quickly seen again,
And would have added thunder to it,
But could not get his light'ning through it:

At this he bawls, Come hither Iris,
You see in rain so drench'd my fire is
It cannot go as I design'd it,
To make yond roaring scoundrels mind it;
Therefore, my girl, do you descend
And tell my honest Trojan friend,
Whilst Agamemnon thus keeps farting
I would not have him think of starting,
Let other people stop his flouncing,
But Hector need not mind his bouncing;
Small captains may his waters watch,
But for great Hector he's no match;

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And tell him that it sha'n't be late
 E're he's sent home with broken pate;
 'Then Hector shall the Grecians thwack,
 And I will clap him on the back
 'Till he has made each varlet skip,
 'To save his hide, on board his ship,
 Nor shall he cease the rogues to fright
 'Till they're reliev'd by Mrs. Night.
 Away goes Iris swift as wind,
 Her fumes dispersing from behind,
 Which, taking fire as down she falls,
 Unknowing man a rain-bow calls:
 Hector she found amidst the fray,
 Mounted upon a brewer's dray.

Hector, says she, perhaps you'll stare
 To hear I come from Jupiter,
 But so it is, believe it true,
 He sends his compliments to you,
 And says, While Atreus' son keeps farting
 He would not have you think of starting;
 Let other people stop his flouncing,
 You need not mind his brags and bouncing;
 Small captains may his waters watch,
 But for great Hector he's no match;
 And further says, it sha'n't be late
 E're he's sent off with broken pate;
 Then Hector shall the Grecians thwack
 And I will clap him on the back,

'Till he has made each varlet skip,
To save himself, on board his ship,
Nor shall he cease the rogues to fright
'Till they're reliev'd by Mrs. Night;
Then in a cloud as black as pitch,
She vanish'd like a Lapland witch:
Hector no sooner heard her say
These words, but strait he left the dray,
Tho' not before he gave some chink
To make the brewer's rascals drink;
Then, with a broomstick in each hand,
He bid the scamp'ring Trojans stand,
Tells them, if now they'll box, they may
Run when they please another day:
At this request they face about,
And seem resolv'd to box it out.
The Greeks, who hop'd they had been gone,
Are forc'd to wait their coming on:
Both sides begin to fight it o'er,
As if they'd never fought before,
Whilst in his passion, Atreus' son
Drives on as if he'd just begun.
Hopkins and Sternhold, if you can
Assist me to describe this man;
You, who King David's psalms were able
To write in verse so lamentable,
As made the mighty Jewish king
Cry, when you meant to make him sing,

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Where he repents indeed, most ably
 You make him do it lamentably ;
 Help me to some of this rare verse
 Atrides' kicking to rehearse,
 That in re-mem-be-rance they may
 Remain for ever and for aye :
 Come on, old boys, and make it known
 What shoals of scrubs he tumbl'd down,
 And whether 'twas a peer or groom
 That tasted first his stick of broom.
 Iphidamas it prov'd, a swain o
 Got by Antenor on Theano,
 Whose pasture being stock'd before
 So hard that it would bear no more,
 He thought it best to send the lad
 To Clifeus the mother's dad,
 Who farm'd on lease a little place
 Upon a bleak hill-side in Thrace,
 For which he paid the landlord clear
 Three, or perhaps four, pounds a year ;
 There the old fellow fed him well,
 Teaching him both to write and spell ;
 And then, to use him to the strife
 Man's born to bear, he for a wife
 Gave him his daughter ; but the boy,
 Hearing of boxing bouts at Troy,
 Was seiz'd with such desire to fight,
 [He list'd on his wedding night,

And left his wife, tho' thought a beauty,
 Before he'd done an inch of duty;
 By shipping to Sercope went,
 From thence by land to Troy was sent;
 Thinking the time was now or never
 For him to shew off something clever,
 From out the foremost ranks he jumps,
 Resolv'd to fight this king of trumps.
 Atrides, who full well did know
 That in the first good hearty blow
 Lay often more than half the battle,
 Let fly his broomstick with a rattle;
 The Trojan stoop'd, and whiz it went,
 But mist his nob where it was meant:
 The youth then with great fury puts
 His cudgel cross the Grecian's guts,
 Which stroke he had severely felt
 But for his trusty train-band belt,
 Tho' he so much of it did feel,
 It made this mighty champion reel;
 But when recover'd from the shock,
 He lent his neck so sound a knock
 As made a parlous * ugly wound,
 And fell'd him flat upon the ground,
 Where, by this Grecian rogue infernal,
 He was consign'd to sleep eternal.

* Parlous, a Yorkshire word for dangerous.

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His wife that such a fortune brought,
 Two cows, six sheep, and one ram goat,
 Thought it hard luck that he should sleep,
 And she should still a virgin keep,
 But keep she must, or boil or bake it,
 For he can never come to take it;
 Fast as a church the yonker lay,
 Whilst the Greek stole his coat away.
 Coon his bro. was pretty near,
 And vext to th' heart a man may swear;
 It fill'd his liver with such sadness
 As made him cry for very madness:
 But tho' he wept full sore, we find
 He did not weep himself quite blind;
 But when the Grecian did not 'spy him,
 He edg'd 'till he got pretty nigh him,
 Then at the bully aim'd a knock,
 Which gave his elbow such a shock,
 It made his metal buttons jingle,
 And both his wrist and fingers tingle;
 The Greek was stunn'd, tho' not with fear,
 But knew not, or to cry or swear;
 Then whilst poor Coon guards his brother,
 And covers this side, then the other
 With his broad potlid, calling loud
 For help amongst the Trojan crowd,
 Atrides noted where his crown
 Unguarded was, and knock'd him down;

Plump on his brother tumbl'd he,
And staid to keep him company ;
But now the Greek, more furious grown,
Drives like a madman up and down,
Using all weapons, clubs, or sticks,
Old broken pifs-pots, stones, and bricks,
This kind of gear, with fury thrown,
Tumbl'd whole lines of fighters down ;
Whilst he perform'd these pranks his arm
Continu'd tollerably warm,
But when the blood began to settle,
And he was partly off his mettle,
The elbow stiff'ned with such pain
As made the bully grin again ;
Knaves that are whip'd behind the cart
Could hardly suffer half the smart ;
With mighty pain and anguish fretting,
A hackney he was forc'd to get in ;
But lest the foe should think he had cause,
He put a good face on a bad cause,
And bawls aloud, O Greeks ! fight on,
And I'll be back again anon ;
Jove will no longer let me fight,
But slam me if its aught but spite :
No sooner had he spoke, but smack
He heard the coachman's whip go crack ;
And crack it might, as these old hacks
For twice three steps requir'd six cracks ;

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Tho', by great luck, this jehu got
His geldings smack'd into a trot ;
But as they both were touch'd i' th' wind,
They puff'd out clouds of smoke behind,
Whilst from their sides a lather run
Would almost fill a brewer's tun ;
However, in less than half an hour,
They brought him to his own tent door.
Hector look'd sharp, and quickly saw
This huffing, cuffing captain go ;
Then to his Trojans and allies,
To raise their mettle, thus he crys :

Ye roaring blades, that scorn all fear,
Ye Dardans, and ye Lycians, hear ;
Remember what yourselves have done,
What hats your grandfathers have won.
Yon huffing blade is now gone back,
I saw him whip into a hack ;
Besides, Dame Iris came to tell
Jove bid me pay their jackets well ;
You've nought to do but fight, and I'll
Engage to make it worth your while :
With words like these their hearts he chears,
And made 'em pocket all their fears ;
So the poor gard'ner chears his dog
To seize and fowl his neighbour's hog,
Spits in his mouth, and eggs him on,
And throws himself the first great stone,

Boiling with rage, because the brute
 Returns so oft to spoil his fruit;
 Thus Hector bawls, nor that alone,
 But is the first to lead 'em on;
 On the deep files with might doth pour
 Like a black heavy city shower,
 Which clears the streets, and into shops
 Drives painted whores and brainless fops,
 With fury from the pantiles rolls,
 Drenches the signs and barbers poles,
 Washes each dirty stinking street,
 And for an hour the town is sweet.
 O Churchill's muse! for once assist,
 Whilst humbly I draw out a list
 Of those that fell by Hector's cudgel,
 When Jove, who now and then doth judge ill,
 Without regard to whig or tory,
 Bestow'd on him a day of glory;
 To 'scape him there appear'd but small hopes,
 He smash'd Aslæus first, then Dolops;
 Antonous follow'd next, and soon
 The bold Opites tumbl'd down;
 Hipponous, a famous fighter,
 Whose father was an underwriter,
 Fell next; he then Ophelthus thwack'd,
 And Orus got his noddle crack'd;
 Elymus too, and Agelau,
 Were sent to find their friends below:

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These we may say were no riff raff,
 But officers upon the staff:
 On common men I shall not dwell,
 He sent cart loads of them to hell;
 And cut the varlets up as quick
 As Vauxhall bunters carve a chick.
 Have you not, sirs, a whirlwind seen
 Whip up the haycocks from the green?
 When having whirl'd them round and round,
 It strews them on the neighbouring ground;
 With wond'ring eyes, all fix'd in air,
 And gaping mouths, the bumpkins stare:
 Thus Hector here and there again
 Kicks them about, and strews the plain.
 And now had Greece been overturn'd,
 And all their keels and scullers burn'd,
 But fly Ulysses ran with speed
 To call his neighbour Diomed;
 To whom he speaks, Why, what the pox,
 We'd better both be set i' th' stocks
 Than idly stand whilst Hector keeps
 Smoaking the Grecians upon heaps;
 Let's meet this fav'rite of the gods,
 You know that two to one is odds:
 When Diomed replies, Ulysses,
 I'll fight with any man, but this is
 Another case; I've suffer'd evils
 For fighting both with gods and devils:

Jove helps this Hector from above,
 And, fowse me, if I'll fight with Jove;
 What boots, my friend, that we should stand
 If Jove won't lend a helping hand:
 Then as he spoke he gave a sigh,
 And straitway let his broomstick fly;
 It hit a purse-proud fellow's crown,
 Thymbræus call'd, and fetch'd him down;
 Instant the fly Ulysses knocks
 The gaping coachman off his box;
 To pick their fobs they durst not stay,
 But hasten'd to their lines away:
 Thus two bold thieves pursu'd by night,
 Fight as they run, and run and fight.
 Merops' two sons, a hopeful pair,
 Were seated in a one-horse chair;
 The father was an highland wight,
 And therefore blest with second sight;
 From fighting he had warn'd the lads,
 But yonkers seldom mind their dads,
 In spite of all th' old loon could say
 They hir'd a chaise, and drove away;
 To his advice they paid no heed,
 But drove to meet this Diomed,
 Who, maugre all that they could do,
 Rub'd 'em, and stole their jackets too:
 Ulysses smash'd Hypirochus,
 And the rich Jew Hippodamus,

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Whilst Jove contented sat in heav'n,
 And let old Cox's scales hang even;
 Nor did he seem a whit to care,
 But let 'em scratch, fight dog fight bear.
 Tydides in this bloody strain
 Knock'd out Agastrophus's brain,
 Who, busy fighting all the while,
 Had left his cart above a mile,
 But when he spy'd this Diomed
 He ply'd his shanks with all his speed,
 Tho' he ran fast, the Grecian's stick
 Was full as nimble and as quick,
 For, flung with fury from his hand,
 It laid him sprawling on the sand.
 Great Hector saw, you need not fear,
 His eyes were peeping ev'ry where;
 As he mov'd on he loud did bawl,
 And with him brought the de'el and all.
 Brave Diomed himself, who never
 Was us'd to fear, now felt his liver,
 Spite of his mighty courage, start,
 And give a knock against his heart;
 When thus he speaks, Ulysses, mind
 A plaguy storm before the wind
 Comes rolling on, and I conjecture
 It can be nought but bully Hector,
 Who throws about his dirt and dung
 As if by hornets he was stung;

Let us resolve in this same place
To stand and meet his angry face :
Just as he spoke the chief drew nigh,
At whom he let his broomshaft fly,
Which on his greasy leather cap
Hit him a most confounded rap ;
Bruis'd it, and, sliding up, did lop
A tarnish'd tassel from the top,
But by the care of sage Apollo
It happen'd no great harm did follow ;
Tho' 'twas so sound a knock it stun'd him
So much, that Hector rather shun'd him,
Mounted his cart, and whip'd about
To try his luck another rout.
Tydides shouts huzza ! huzza !
The mighty Hector's run away !
Well doth Apollo pay that thief
For all his mutton and his beef.
If any god would lend me help
I yet would swinge that scurvy whelp ;
But since he stoutly runs away for't,
I'll make his ragged rascals pay for't :
Then tho' Agastrophus was dead,
He lent him t'other knock o' the head
To keep his hand in ; now and then,
Like Falstaff, he could kill dead men,
Paris, the keeper of this Helen
On whose account the broils I'm telling

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Were first begun, that wenching knave
Stood by the side of Illus' grave ;
Hearing this bully, what doth he
But whips behind a hollow tree,
Just as the Grecian down did squat
To steal Agastrophus's hat,
This Paris slyly bent his bow,
And to the greensward nail'd his toe :
The rogue behind the hollow tree
Could not help laughing heartily
To see the Grecian's odd grimace ;
He made a hellish ugly face :
Then from the ambuscade leap'd out,
And ask'd him if he'd got the gout.
I've hit, says he, the gouty part,
But wish, by g---d, 't'had been the heart,
Then would our Trojan bloods be free
From dread of thy damn'd face and thee,
Who tremble at thy phiz, and run
Faster than Paddy from a dun.

Tydides answers, Are you there,
Good Master Miss, with curling hair ?
Thou who canst catch a lady by't,
But dare as well be damn'd as fight,
What signifies thy slender touch ;
Our cookmaid could have done as much,
Or more ; she'll scratch and bite a man
Deeper than thy poor arrow can :

But this good broomstaff ne'er flies waste,
 As I some day shall let thee taste :
 Where'er it goes, some Trojan moans
 A broken pate or broken bones,
 Whilst their good wives, who scold and swear,
 When Diomed his name they hear,
 Hate me, because where'er I come
 I send their husbands limping home :
 Whilst thus he prates, Ulysses, who
 Was much concern'd for his great toe,
 Pull's out the dart, and then doth pour in
 What offer'd first, and that was urine ;
 'Then laid the bully in a cart,
 And bid 'em drive home pretty smart.
 Now, when this bully-back was gone,
 Ulysses found himself alone :
 Whilst he was busy with the toe,
 He never thought how things might go ;
 But when he saw them coming on,
 He with himself some talk begun :
 " I shall be smash'd if here I stay,
 And yet its worse to run away,
 For then they will not let me eat,
 And I shall starve without my meat.
 Why should I longer then stand scrubbing ?
 Starving is ten times worse than drubbing.'"
 Whilst he was weighing thus the matter,
 He heard the Trojan broomsticks clatter :

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Before his speech was done they found him,
And quickly made a circle round him,
Tho' his hard knocks did make 'em own
They'd better let his pate alone :
In Piccadilly thus I've seen
A drunken, ragged, scolding quean
By a large circle of the boys
Pursu'd with dirt, and mud, and noise ;
Whilst she stands still, and only scolds,
Each hardy boy his station holds,
But when or here or there she reels,
The yonkers nimbly trust their heels :
Just such another matter this is
With Trojans and the great Ulysses.
His cudgel first he level'd at
And laid the bold Deiopis flat ;
Next Ennomus, and Thoon too
Felt what this sturdy Greek could do ;
Cherfidamas his broomstick wipes,
And gave th' unlucky loon the gripes,
Across the weem the Grecian hit him
With such a force as almost split him :
Charops was near, Hippasus' son,
At him Ulysses takes a run,
But found his cudgel could not reach him,
So made his trusty broomstick fetch him ;
With fury from his left hand slung,
Upon his hollow nob it rung :

His brother Soccus saw the deed,
 And ran to help with all his speed,
 But came too late ; he found him tumbl'd,
 At which, be sure, his gizzard grumbl'd :

Then tells Ulysses, Friend, d'ye see,
 You must have t'other bout with me,
 Both brothers you must tumble down,
 Or rot me but I'll crack your crown.
 This said, he rais'd his cudgel high,
 And at the Greek ding dong let fly ;
 Long time to break his pate he try'd,
 At last he smash'd his dexter side,
 But at that instant Pallas put
 Her hand between, and sav'd his gut ;
 Ulysses, tho' it gave him pain,
 Knew well enough he was not slain ;
 Then drawing back a step or two,
 To Soccus crys, I think 'tis now
 My turn to have a knock at you ;
 And for the stroke you've been so civil
 To give, I'll send you to the devil :
 Whilst thus he spoke, a sudden fright
 Made Soccus' hair stand bolt upright,
 And scar'd him so he durst not stay,
 But whip'd about and ran away ;
 The flying broomstick reach'd his back,
 And fell'd him with a thund'ring thwack ;

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Then as upon the ground they lay,
Ulysses thus was heard to say ;

My Trojan friends, lye you two there
'Till Christmas next, for aught I care ;
No dad nor mammey, I suppose, }
Will come your heavy eyes to close,
But leaves that task for carrion crows ;
Now, when I dye, I know our vicar
Will make 'em bind my grave with wicker,
Where all my friends, if right I think,
Will drink and sob, and sob and drink.
Whilst he was jabb'ring in this strain,
His bruise began to give him pain ;
Then lifting up his dirty shirt,
He found he'd got a plaguy hurt,
And, the misfortune still to crown,
The Trojans saw his blood run down,
Which made 'em press so close, the whelp
Ran stoutly now, and roar'd for help ;
Thrice did Atrides hear him further
Than fifty furlongs roar out murder,
On which the Spartan bully cry'd
To Ajax, who was at his side,
I'm sure that something much amiss is,
For murder ! murder ! roars Ulysses ;
So wide his mouth would never gape
Were he not in some curfed scrape ;

To bring him off we both must run,
 Else, by my soul, we're all undone ;
 For tho' he's strong, yet Ferdinando
 Can do no more than one man can do ;
 And if of him we are bereft,
 There is but one good council left :
 Tho' counsellors are understood
 To do more harm thrice told than good,
 Yet here the rule don't fully hold,
 For he can box as well as scold ;
 But the damn'd knaves in Wranglers-Hall,
 Are good for nothing but to bawl.
 Then where the roaring came from, they
 With hasty strides direct their way :
 'Twas lucky they so soon did stickle.
 For he was in a grievous pickle ;
 The smell was potent where he stood,
 'Tis an ill wind blows no man good)
 For by its help they nos'd him out,
 Tho' compas'd by his foes about.
 As yonkers at a country school
 When they've an heap of apples stole,
 One youth, that he may fair divide,
 Across the apples stands astride,
 When, lo ! the master, dreadful case !
 Pops in his unexpected face ;
 At his approach they scower away
 And leave the undivided prey ;

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The pedant then asserts his claim,
And bears the apples to his dame.
Thus Ajax made 'em all run faster
Than the boy's scamper'd from their master;
For when the late exulting foe,
His huge enormous broomstick saw,
Who should get first away they strove,
And ran as if the devil drove;
Whilst Menelaus, for his part,
Convey'd Ulysses to his cart;
Ajax doth all the while pursue
The frighten'd, flying, routed crew:
Doryclus, Priam's son, he mau'd
And next the strong Pandoccus gaul'd;
Then o'er the poor Lyfander stumbl'd,
Whom quickly on the grass he tumbl'd:
Thus, when you 'gin to smell a stink,
You pump away to clear the sink,
A deluge issues through the grates,
And drives down rotten shrimps and sprats,
Tumbles the garbage o'er and o'er
'Till it has reach'd the common shore:
Just so before this Grecian bold
Both carts and men and horses roll'd.
Hector was to the left a mile,
Pelting the Grecians all the while,
Kicking the ragged sons of bitches
By dozens into muddy ditches;

There Nestor and the Cretan stood,
 And stop'd his kicking all they could,
 But spite of them this furious loon
 Kick'd the poor rogues like nine-pins down.
 Paris, brisk Nelly's husband, who
 Was shooting from his Indian bow,
 Took opportunity i' th' nick
 To lend the Grecian quack a prick;
 The arrow made his shoulder smack,
 And the Greeks trembl'd for their quack.

The Cretan then to Nestor spoke,
 Come here, old weather-beaten rock,
 I've better business far for you
 Than aught you can by fighting do;
 Go take your hig'lers cart and lay on
 The wounded doctor, Don Machaon,
 And drive him off; if he is lost
 We all may feel it to our cost;
 You know it well, nor you alone,
 He cures more kinds of wounds than one.
 Nestor obeys, and fans delay
 Convey'd the wounded quack away,
 And with an almost fire-new thong
 Dusted his raw-bon'd tits along.
 Now Hector's carter who could see
 A great way farther off than he,
 Looking the Trojan files along,
 Soon saw where things were going wrong:

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Whilst here we fight genteel and civil
Quoth he, there's Ajax plays the devil;
See how the strongest lines he parts,
And drives down horses, men, and carts:
I know the whelp by one sure sign,
His potlid's thrice as big as mine.
Then let's be jogging to assist
Our friends to 'scape his clumsy fist,
Else flat as pancakes he I'm sure
Will lay 'em all in half an hour.
To this rare speech he added not,
But spank'd his nags into a trot;
Bruis'd pates and arms they trotted o'er,
And spatter'd all the cart before;
From the naggs heels it took the stains
Of blood and mud, and guts and brains,
And fill'd the axle tree so full
The horses had a woeful pull.
The Grecians thought by standing close
To keep him out, but such a dose
With his oak stick the Trojan gave 'em,
They trusted to their heels to save 'em;
Then from his cart he ply'd 'em thick,
With first a broomstaff, then a brick,
And fell'd 'em down with just such knocks
As bumpkins lend their Shrovetide cocks,
Flinging his sticks at such a rate,
He always broke a leg or pate;

By such hard knocks as these, he made
 The Greeks so horribly afraid,
 That they employ'd their utmost might in
 Running away, instead of fighting;
 And Jove to plague these sons of bitches,
 Sunk Ajax' heart below his breeches,
 Who, though he could not tell you why,
 Found his thick legs disposed to fly;
 But taking care that none should say,
 Great Ajax ran, he walk'd away,
 And lest they should his rear attack,
 He kept a constant peeping back:
 Thus on an evening have I seen,
 With pious face, on Bethnal green,
 An inspired cobbler mount a tub,
 And preach to ev'ry ragged scrub,
 Though dirt and rotten eggs flew round,
 Yet inspiration kept his ground;
 Nor, 'till he'd preach'd his sermon out,
 Would stir a step, and then did do't
 With as much gravity as if,
 To be inspir'd was to be stiff.
 Thus heavy Ajax, though pursu'd
 By the whole Trojan roaring crowd,
 Walk'd off as slow as if he'd been
 The preaching cobbler of the green;
 In Spanish strides his knees he bent,
 And grumbled all the way he went.

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So have I seen a sand-cart afs
 Devour a farmer's clover grass,
 The farmer with his wife and man
 To drive him out do all they can ;
 But though they pour a heavy tide
 Of rattling hedgstakes on his side,
 The beast, as patient as he's dull,
 Eats 'till he crams his belly full,
 And then, insensible of pain,
 Deliberately walks off again.
 Whilst Ajax strutted off demurely,
 The Trojans bang'd his potlid purely ;
 Sometimes he turn'd about to swear
 He'd break their bones if they came near ;
 Then march'd away, but as he trod
 'Threaten'd them with an angry nod,
 Whilst they, to keep up this queer battle,
 With brick-bats make his potlid rattle.
 Euripolus, who saw this rout,
 To help the bully fally'd out,
 And did his knotty broomstaff lay on
 The trusty Trojan Apasaon ;
 Whose nob he lent a knock that broke it,
 At which he ran to pick his pocket.
 Now Paris, who was pretty nigh,
 That instant let an arrow fly,
 And prick'd the Grecian in his thigh.
 It lam'd him so that he was fain
 To make a hobble back again ;

But yet before he stirr'd one bit,
He made a speech, and this is it :

O Greeks, I fear your courage fails ye,
In god's name what the devil ails ye ?
I've left poor Ajax in a sweat,
And if you do not quickly get
To his assistance, I'll be shot,
But his hard nob must go to pot ;
The Trojans do so sorely pelt,
That if his potlid and his belt
Don't take their bangs, be sure that he
Another broil can never see.

To help him Grecians haste away,
There's danger in a moment's stay.

Whilst he was speaking, from the rout }
About a dozen fellows stout }
Took heart of grace, and ventured out.
Some held their leathern potlids o'er him,
And others clapp'd their staves before him ;
Whilst thus their fainting friend they shroud,
Ajax struts up and joins the croud,
Then on a sudden, growing stout,
He puff'd his cheeks, and fac'd about.
Thus things went on, and all the while
Nestor had jerk'd his tits a mile,
And with a wondrous deal of flogging
Made a hard shift to keep them jogging.

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 Smoking with sweat amidst the throng,
 'They lugg'd the wounded quack along;
 Just then Achilles, as it's said,
 Was sitting at the mainmast head;
 From whence he very plain could see
 The Grecians drubb'd most woefully;
 With joy he saw the Trojans lay on
 The bones of all, except Machaon.
 As for the doctor, 'cause that he
 Once cur'd him of a gonorrhæ,
 He could not help a little touch
 Of pity, though it was not much;
 When casting down his eyes below,
 Patroclus working hard he saw
 Mending an old blue rusty jacket
 So torn he'd much ado to tack it.
 Halloo Patroclus, loud he cries!
 Halloo, Patroclus loud replies!
 Who calls aloft? avaft *, is't you?
 What bus'ness have you got to do?
 Achilles thus, 'Through various rubs,
 We two have long been loving scrubs.
 With joy my very heart doth tickle
 To find the Greeks in such a pickle.
 'Tho' their chub-headed chief did flout me,
 I knew they could not do without me.
 Soon they'll be hear with sobs and moans,
 And down upon their marrow-bones;

* A sea-term.

But I want you, my chum, to go
To Nestor's oyster boat, to know
What made him flog his founder'd cattle
In such a splutter from the battle,
And if he did not bring away
Some wounded Grecian from the fray.
I fear it is our trusty quack ;
But I could only see his back ;
Nor for my blood and guts could I
A corner of his face espy,
(Tho' all the pains I could I took)
The horses did so puff and smoke.

Patroclus then away did scour,
But in a sad unlucky hour,
In a curs'd minute was he sent,
For Hector made him soon repent.
Howe'er that be, without delay
Through boats and huts he pop'd away,
And soon the queer old Grecian met,
Just 'lighted in a reeking sweat.
Eu ymedon with care and art
Unloos'd his horses from the cart ;
Nestor, who was confounded hot
With flogging, had a dishclout got,
Which serv'd to wipe his greasy face ;
And e'er he put it in its place,
Close by his wounded charge he stood,
And wip'd away both sweat and blood ;

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Then gap'd awhile to catch a breeze
 Was coming fresh from off the seas ;
 But staid not long before they went
 To seek for shelter in the tent.
 Nestor then order'd Hecomedes,
 A red-hair'd wench of royal breed,
 Which Greece had giv'n him for his
 need,

(But all that need, as you may guess,
 Was punch to mix, and meat to dress)
 Without delay to fetch a cup,
 And make a cooling mixture up ;
 But first this handmaid held it meet
 Before they drank to make 'em eat,
 So spread a table with blue feet
 Made of good firr, which he had bought
 In Broker's-alley for a groat ;
 Whereon she plac'd a spanking dish,
 Then fill'd it full, but not with fish.
 Of better stuff she pour'd a flood in,
 And that was smoking hasty pudding ;
 With which she mixt, for this old Coney
 Catcher, an honest pint of honey,
 Then rubb'd a salted garlic head
 Upon a mouldy crust of bread.
 This done, a bowl that formerly
 Belong'd the taylors' company,

And giv'n th' old Greek for his advice
'Bout cabbage, cucumbers, and lice,
Matters of great concern and weight:
To this large body corporate,
Of cross-legg'd thieves, who earn their bread,
By buck'ram, staytape, silk, and thread.
To make it fine the taylors' beadies
Had it stuck full of ends of needles.
Now you must know this bowl of wood
Upon a pair of cross-legs stood.
About a dozen wooden pegs
Fasten'd this pair of bandy legs;
Four handles did the sides adorn,
Two made of wood, and two of horn;
O'th' top of each of which a pair
Of heads resembling snipes did stare
With beaks so sharp, in many a case
Of bodkins they supply'd the place.
Three quarts it held, and yet when full
Could this old soaker at a pull
Drink it half off, and never fob;
But few with him could bear a bob:
This bowl the nymph of high degree,
As handsome as a cook should be,
Fill'd with the drink, of which I boasted,
Rare Yorkshire ale with apples roasted.
This for the quack did she prepare,
But he came in for th' lesser share;

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For Nestor always did forcast
To get the first tip, and the last.
Their thirst be'ng partly quench'd they chatter
Of this and that, and t'other matter;
And tho' Patroclus now drew near,
They made such din they could not hear,
Nor see, before he did present
His proper self before the tent.
Nestor then starting makes a stir,
And cries, Your humble servant, sir,
I'm mighty glad to see you here,
Please to walk in and take a chair.

Patroclus thus: I cannot sit,
But with your leave will stand a bit;
For I have heard my granny say,
That whilst you stand, you do not stay.
Achilles saw your cart go past,
And therefore sent me out in haste,
To learn what maim'd old Grecian your
Bald naggs were lugging to the shore;
But to my grief I plainly view,
Old friend Macaon it was you.

This to Achilles will I carry
With speed, so ask me not to tarry.
I'll tell him, what I see and hear;
But if I stay, you know he'll swear.

Nestor replies, if now about us
Achilles asks, and doth not flout us,

I'll tell you all for this misfortune
Is nought to what's behind the curtain ;
This learned skilful doctor's not
The only man that's bruis'd or shot,
But many a mighty hero's fled
To cure a broken shin or head ;
Ulysses has got such a stroke
That half his ribs are almost broke,
And the brave Diomed I know
Is wounded sorely in his toe ;
Besides, the blood by gallons flows
From great Eurypolus's nose ;
But whether we are drubb'd or no
Achilles doth not care a straw ;
Nay, should the Trojans burn our fleet,
I reckon he'll be glad to see't :
Greek after Greek is smash'd in hurry,
For which he's rather pleas'd than sorry.
The devil fetch Old Time, I say,
For stealing all my strength away :
O ! that I was but still as strong
As when I drove the world along !
From Elis fetch'd a roaring bull,
And crack'd Ityminæus' scull ;
I drove th' Epeans all like thunder,
And got the lord knows what of plunder ;
Their herds of sheep when we did meet 'em
We very seldom fail'd to eat 'em ;

210 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

Then stole their breeding mares, all big
 With foal, and many a goat and pig;
 These things I did when but a boy,
 And made my daddy jump for joy:
 Elis, thus basted, hung their ears,
 And grumb'ling paid their old arrears;
 And Pylian knights, so special poor,
 'They turn'd a farthing three times o'er
 Before it went, now found their breeches
 Pockets too shallow for their riches.
 When Elis first came out to fight us,
 They thought they easily could fright us,
 Because one Hercules, a bully,
 Had almost done our business fully:
 Twelve lads my father got, and he
 Kill'd ev'ry soul of 'em but me;
 In this condition did we meet 'em,
 Resolv'd to lose our lives or beat 'em,
 Which faith we did, and made 'em glad
 To give to my old crusty dad
 Three dozen ewes, they ow'd him that
 For cheating him o' th' gold-lac'd hat,
 Which he had won at May-Day fair
 By proving the best cudgel play'r;
 Both his lac'd hat, and cudgel too
 The constable detain'd, but now
 We made the rogues severely rue.

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What more we got, myself dealt out
Amongst our jolly boys so stout ;
But in three days they came again,
Both horses, carts, and drunken men,
Old Actor's sons, two roaring bullies,
Tho' young, led on this drove of cullies :
Thryoessa a pretty village,
Not fam'd, as you may think, for tillage,
Because upon a rock it lay,
Was the last place we had that way ;
That little town, if you'll enquire,
Ended the bound of Pylos' shire,
'Twas there these rascals came to see us,
And cross'd the rivulet Alphæus ;
But Mrs. Pallas one dark night
Whisper'd, Turn out, my boys, and fight,
Which made us long to leave our rock
And march, to give the dogs a knock ;
I first got ready, but my dad,
Afraid lest they should hurt his lad,
Lock'd up my coat and cudgel too,
And swore by Jove I should not go ;
But wilful I resolv'd to do't,
So tramp'd it all the way on foot.
By Minyas stream we push'd the bowl,
Whilst we look'd o'er the muster roll,
And long before the day begun
We got our buffskin doublets on ;

212 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

Then march'd to reach Alphæus stream,
Whither by twelve o'clock we came :
Quickly, to set all right above,
We cook'd a dinner up for Jove,
Of something very good and hot,
Tho' what it was I've quite forgot :
Minerva had a dinner too,
The udder of a rare old cow :
Alphæus came a meal to seek,
For him we stew'd a fine bull's cheek :
Neptune we knew was stall'd with fish,
We therefore cook'd him up a dish
Of lean bull beef with cabbage fry'd,
And a full pot of beer beside :
Bubble * they call this dish and squeak ;
Our taylors dine on't thrice a week.
By th' water side all night we kept,
And in our buffskin doublets slept.
Th' Epeans, with their loins all bound
In carrier's belts, the town surround ;
Soon as the red-fac'd fiery sun
To shew his whiskers had begun,
We met the dogs prepar'd for battle,
And clubs, and staves, and broomsticks rattle ;

* Fry'd beef and cabbage is a dish so well known by the name of bubble and squeak in town, that it is only for the sake of my country readers I insert this note.

King Augeas son first tumbl'd down,
 With a good thumping knock o' th' crown;
 'Twas I that gave the broken head
 To this great spouse of Agamede,
 A girl so skilfull that she knew
 Amongst all kinds of herbs, that few
 Made bitter drink so well as rue :
 I seiz'd his cart when he was down,
 And drove as if't' had been my own :
 My men all follow'd, I led on
 And made these bold Epeans run :
 Just like a whirlwind which in town
 Drives butchers stalls and green shops down!
 I smoak'd the rogues, my cudgel maul'd 'em,
 And my sharp-pointed broomshaft gaul'd 'em;
 Full fifty carts that day I took,
 'Tis true, my friends, for all you look
 As much surpriz'd as if that I
 Was cooking up a thund'ring lye;
 Now you must know each cart I got
 Contain'd two bully-backs of note;
 But when we came to a dispute,
 With ease I kick'd the scoundrels out;
 Two in each cart you say? why then
 From fifty carts a hundred men
 You kick'd that day? Yes, Sir, it's true,
 I've men alive will vouch it now;

214 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

And Actor's sons had gone to pot,
 But Neptune on their sides they'd got;
 To save their bacon, what doth he
 But pops a cloud 'twixt them and me,
 So thick, one mouthful did I'm sure
 Make me stand coughing half an hour;
 Howe'er I drove the rest in flocks
 As far as the Olinian rocks;
 But where Alifeum's waters drop,
 Pallas call'd out, You'd better stop;
 Yet even there I came i' th' nick
 To lend the last damn'd rogue a kick:
 Smite both my eyes, I scorn to puff,
 But here 'twas I that work'd their buff;
 On my strong fist this fray depended,
 Nestor began, and Nestor ended.
 Our parsons then, to crown this jobb,
 Order'd long pray'rs to hum the mob
 At Pyle; where the folks, d'ye see,
 Thank'd Madam Pallas first, then me:
 Thus, when my youthful blood took fire,
 I box'd it stoutly for my shire.
 The passion of this chum of yours
 Has kick'd his reason out of doors;
 When we have trudg'd it to the devil,
 Who values then his being civil,
 Unless the bully will agree
 To hang himself for company?

The day I ever shall remember,
I think 'twas sometime in December,
And blow'd a mackrel gale when we
To muster soldiers put to sea ;
I and Ulysses landed where
His father kept the Old Black Bear ;
Th' old fellow with his handmaid Nelly,
Was cutting timber for the belly ;
A bull upon a spit he puts,
And gave to whoring Jove the guts ;
Thy good old dad and thee were turning
The spit, to keep the meat from burning ;
Achilles help'd to bear a bob,
For troth it was a warmish jobb ;
He was the first of all to 'spy us,
And made a leg as he came nigh us,
Told us if we would pick a bit,
He'd cut a slice from off the spit ;
We neither of us were so nice
As stay to be entreated twice ;
After twelve pots were fairly out
We mention'd what we came about.
Strong beer will oft make men, you know,
As loving as a Trinculo ;
'Twas so with you two bucks, you kiss'd us,
And swore by Jove you would assist us :
Your dads spake words worth tuns of gold ;
Old Peleus said, My son be bold.

216 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

Your father's speech was rather longer ;
Quoth he, Tho' Peleus' son be stronger,
And for his mother had a witch,
Yet when upon too high a pitch
He raves and swears, mind you and cool him,
And then you easily may rule him.
Thus spake your dad ; but you I find
Have quite forgot, or else don't mind ;
Tho' if you will but try, you may
(A will can always find a way)
Perswade him to assist us now,
I know he'll do a deal for you :
But if some fortune-telling witch,
Some long-chin'd, long-nos'd ugly bitch
Of Mother Shipton's breed, has made
His mighty heart and pluck afraid,
Tell him to lend his coat to you
That partly may our business do :
Troy's blustering rogues will change their note
Soon as they see his thick-set coat,
Thinking he's sally'd out to find 'em,
They'll run, and never look behind 'em ;
Back to their village will they scamper,
Nor longer thus our Grecians hamper.
At hearing of this doleful ditty,
The bold Thessalian, touch'd with pity,
Whip'd him about, and o'er the plain
With all his speed ran back again.

It happen'd as he cross'd a place
Where Cox, a justice of the peace,
Was sending little whores to jail
For want of pence as well as bail,
Just where Ulysses' cock-boats lay,
From whence, a very little way,
Their jolly parsons us'd to pray,
Eurypylus he there did spy
As the great chief came hopping by
With a sad prick upon his thigh,
The pain it gave him was so great
[He like a dray-horse smoak'd with sweat ;
But I would have it understood,
Tho' he look'd blue, his heart was good :
Patroclus could not help from crying
To see him limp along ; when fighting
He thus begins : Now, by my soul,
You've got into a damn'd bad hole ;
In an ill day ye sure set out,
To get so drubb'd and kick'd about,
But say my friend how matters stand ;
Doth Hector hold his heavy hand,
Or still bestir his wooden sabre,
And all your backs and sides belabour.

The chief replies, and faintly reels,
This day shall Greece kick up her heels :
This day will end her former glories,
And Grecian whigs give way to tories ;

218 THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

The hearts of oak that led us on
 All black and blue on board are gone,
 Where Hector threats with dreadful ire
 To pay us off with sword and fire,
 Firmly resolv'd to drive us out,
 He swears by all that's good he'll do't;
 But I could wish that you, my Friend,
 At this fore pinch a hand would lend
 To find the point of this curst arrow;
 But borrow first our butcher's barrow
 To wheel me off, then to the wound
 A plaster put to make it sound;
 You best know what, because you were
 'Prentice to Surgeon Drake three year.
 Surgeons of note we have but two,
 And one now fights the Trojan crew;
 The other miserable elf
 Is bruis'd, and cannot help himself.

Patroclus thus replies, my friend,
 God knows where this strange work will end,
 I brought a message to our grandfire,
 And was returning with his answer
 To great Achilles; but although
 He's an impatient whelp you know,
 Before I'll leave you in the mud,
 I'll let him swear 'till swearing's good.
 Then, though it made his sinews crack,
 He took the bully on his back.

His handmaid spy'd him from the boats,
 Riding just like a sack of oats,
 Guessing he'd got a broken head,
 Or some d——d kick o'th' guts, she spread }
 An old cow's hide upon his bed.
 Patroclus then with very narrow
 Inspection found the point o'th' arrow,
 Which he pull'd out as soon as found,
 And making water in the wound,
 Wrapp'd an old clout a little greasy
 About the thigh, and left him easy.

END OF BOOK XI.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

A R G U M E N T.

*THE Grecian curl'd and knotty pates
Are driv'n behind their shabby gates;
Hector comes on in furious haste
Their mangy sides and ribs to baste;
But on a sudden as he goes
Finds a small ditch across his nose,
On which Polydamas roars out,
Tho' carts and horses cannot do't,
On foot we'll quickly rumble through't;
For though what horses we have got
Can leap, we are sure the cart cannot.*

}

*This council, though it did not cost
 A single tester, was not lost;
 Both Cut and Long Tail, Black and Grey,
 With all their carts they sent away;
 Then felt by th' ears, when to their view
 Appear'd a long-legg'd heron-sue
 That shat an eel: at this dread sight
 Polydamas in woeful fright
 Comes to his brother Hector puffing,
 And begg'd him to give over cuffing.
 Hector, resolv'd to make 'em feel,
 Damn'd both the heron-sue and eel;
 And since he's got so far he swears,
 He'll pull their wall about their ears.
 Sarpedon too made dismal rout,
 And threw their hedging stakes about,
 Pulling them from the wall so fast,
 He made a swinging gap at last.
 Then Hector takes him up a stone,
 Such as our miles are mark'd upon,
 Or rather less; with this he batters
 Their gates, and breaks them all to shatters;
 Then rushing forward dusts their coats,
 And drives them all on board their boats.*

HOMER's ILIAD.

B O O K XII.

NOW whilst Patroclus play'd the quack,
The mob each other's bones did thwack,
Gave and receiv'd confounded raps
With many a dowsing slap o'th' chaps.
On Childermas, a luckless day,
Their shabby wall of mud they say
Was rais'd, which made it soon give way; }
But Homer had a better reason,
Why it would hardly last a season:
They hurry'd so to get it up,
They did not kill a single tup,
Or bull, or cow, to give their pack
Of wooden gods a little snack:
This made their hungry parsons grumble,
And swear by G--d the wall would tumble;

And such a case, I'm pretty clear,
Would make a christian parson swear.
When people cease their gods to serve,
The jolly priests of course must starve;
For far less crimes the bulls of Rome
Have roar'd and scarr'd all Christendom;
And had not one Sir Luther Martin
Found that their roaring was but farting,
To this good day our empty sculls
Had been humbugg'd by Peter's bulls.
They say, if God don't build the house,
Your labour is not worth a louse;
But if he builds, we surely then
Should keep, and pay, his journeymen.
His journeymen! pray who are they
That we must keep as well as pay?
Why, reverend priests, you head of cod,
They are the journeymen of God,
And rare good journeymen they make,
All kinds of work they undertake;
For be it spoken to their praise,
They'll do their duty twenty ways;
And rather than they'll live in strife,
Will do your duty for your wife:
In short, a well-taught priest will try
To get a lick at ev'ry pye.
Howe'er, in spite of all their swearings,
This wall, 'till they were dead as herrings,

224 THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

Stood on its legs, though thump'd about,
And liv'd to see both parties out ;
But when the Trojan bones were rotten,
And all the Grecian rogues forgotten,
Then did a pack of rivers join
These walls of mud to undermine ;
Their names were Rhesus and Scamander,
On which swam many a goose and gander ;
Æsepus and Heptoporus,
With Sinois and Grenicus ;
Carefus next, and Rhodius black
With kennel mud, both join'd the pack.
They say, Apollo muster'd all
These streams to tumble down this wall ;
And lest their labour should be vain,
Jove sent a thund'ring show'r of rain ;
Then Neptune seiz'd the time to work,
And play'd the devil with his fork,
Threw all the dirt about and sticks,
Old broken pots, and ends of bricks,
And like our bumkins spreading dung,
The mud and stones about he flung
So dextrously, he laid the shore
As level as it was before,
(Which made th' next generation swear,
The de'el a wall had e'er been there,
But Homer knew there was, and I
Am sure th' old fellow scorn'd to lye.)

And now the rivers fac'd about
To find their antient currents out ;
Some to crosse vales and drain out bogs ,
Others to wash the sties of hogs ;
But this would be some other term ,
As yet it stood secure and firm ;
Nor had the Trojans done it hurt ,
Though they kept pelting stones and dirt ;
And half the Greeks in woeful fright.
Durst not so much as tarry by't ,
For thinking Hector very soon
Would knock their crazy bulwarks down ,
And not content to overturn 'em ,
Go stave their rotten boats , or burn 'em ,
The better half of these bold fighters
Ran like bewitch'd to launch their lighters ;
For an excuse the cowards all
Swore Jove had had so great a call
For courage all that week , his store
Could not produce a spoonful more
To help the luckless Greeks this bout ,
And their own brandy cask was out.
Pale fear , when brandy did not back 'em ,
Was always ready to attack 'em ;
Which now she did in Hector's shape ,
And made the varlets run and gape ;
For just as schoolboys kick a ball
This furious Trojan kick'd 'em all .

226 THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

Like a mad * ox from Smithfield driven
 By butcher's scoundrels, John and Stephen,
 That gores and tosses in the air
 The blind and lame that can't get clear.
 Thus ev'ry Greek that wanted cunning,
 Or heels to save himself by running,
 Hector belabour'd with his switch,
 Or kick'd him quite across the ditch ;
 But when the Trojans reach'd the side
 Of this great ditch full three feet wide,
 It made a shift to stop their courses,
 Ditches won't do for carts and horses.
 The wise Polydamas soon saw
 The cart tits could no further go,
 So cock'd his mouth, and cry'd halloo,
 Hip, brother Hector, hark a word,
 This ditch will stop us by the Lord,
 Unless with one consent we light,
 And boldly march on foot to fight;
 Therefore do you, and ev'ry friend,
 That came a helping hand to lend,
 To this my good advice attend :

* I have heard this evil would long ago have been
 put a stop to, and beasts not suffered to be driven
 through the city, but it was apprehended it would
 breed great confusion to take the freedom of the city
 from horned cattle.

Our tits can do no more I think
Than bring us to the very brink
Where now we stand ; but if we make 'em
Attempt to leap, 'tis odds we stake 'em
Upon a plaguy ugly row
Of baker's billets there below ;
Besides, betwixt the ditch and wall,
There is not room for carts and all ;
Tho' the great thund'rer Jove this bout
Has help'd the Trojans rarely out,
And made the Grecians fight so tardy,
Don't let it make our nobs fool hardy.
If he these varlets will demolish,
And all their bullying race abolish,
The only wish that I can lend 'em
Is, that this night he'll let us end 'em ;
But should they turn about to peep,
And see us crouded on a heap,
Where we can neither fight nor run,
They'd smash us ev'ry mother's son ;
Nor would the rogues one Trojan spare
To tell the world what fools we were.
Then gape with great attention pray,
And swallow ev'ry word I say.
We must to make these rascals mind us,
Send all our nags and carts behind us.
When Hector leads us on a foot,
The odds are six to one we do't ;

228 THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

This is the only way to get 'em,
And this good day, please God, we'll sweat 'em.
Hector was pleas'd within his heart
With this advice, so left his cart,
Jump'd on the ground with such a bang,
It made his metal buttons twang;
Which when the other bloods did see,
They all jump'd down as well as he,
And bid their drunken carters file off,
And wait i'th' rear about a mile off;
Then into five good sturdy packs
Divided all their bully backs;
The first, a race of bucks to stand by,
Were headed by the Trojan Granby,
Call'd Hector in the Greek. He was
Assisted by Polydamas,
And bold Cebriones, a wight
Could drive a cart as well as fight.
The second, and a sturdy band,
The whoring Paris did command.
Alcathous lent this varlet help,
And bold Agenor join'd the whelp.
The third obey'd two sons of Priam,
Fellows almost as tall as I am;
Deiphobus, a mighty Sir,
And Helenus, a conjurer;
To whom was added Asius,
A fiery buck from Hyrtacus;

His geldings were a yellow dun,
 But better cart tits never run.
 Antenor's sons the fourth obey'd,
 Join'd with that Presbyterian blade,
 Pious Eneas, who they say,
 Cold stoutly box as well as pray,
 Which none will wonder at that hears,
 He serv'd Old Noll in all his wars,
 Whose rogues, unlike our modern-dull dogs,
 Could pray like saints, and fight like bull dogs.
 The last tough band was drove with speed on
 By a bold fellow called Sarpedon,
 A Lycian country 'squire, whose hounds
 Had almost eaten up his grounds,
 Which made him venture in this fray,
 Like some of our militia, }
 To box for honour and for pay.

Glaucus did help to guide this crew,
 And bold Asteropheus too,
 Two bucks as bold as bold could be,
 But he was boldest of the three.
 Each hardy Trojan as he goes
 Holds up his potlid o'er his nose,
 For fear he might in this tough bout
 Get one or both his eyes knock'd out.
 Thus they proceed through mud and mire, }
 Spur'd onward with a keen desire,
 To set the Grecian boats on fire; }

230 THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

Certain their hopes will now be crown'd
 To see the scoundrels burnt or drown'd,
 Whilst thus the Trojans fans delay,
 Their leader's good advice obey,
 The huff-bluff Asius kept his dray,
 And drove his tits along the plain,
 But never brought 'em back again;
 No more this giddy headstrong boy
 Je' up'd his yellow duns to Troy;
 But when he reach'd the other side
 Idomeneus drubb'd his hide,
 Now to the left he smok'd along,
 Amidst a motley Grecian throng
 Of rogues, that made confounded skips
 To reach their rotten boats and ships;
 None look behind to help their mates,
 But dart like light'ning through the gates;
 As rabbits pop into their holes,
 When dogs disturb 'em, so in shoals
 The Greeks forsook each brake and thicket,
 And pop'd their noddles through the wicket;
 When they were there, the better half
 Could hardly think they yet were safe.
 Thither this bluff'ring hero flew
 With his mad, roaring, ranting crew,
 In wond'rous hopes the Greeks to fouse,
 Hopes that turn'd out not worth a louse.

Two bloods sprang up to guard the gates,
With brawney backs, and boom-proof pates.
Since to relate their names it meet is,
I'll do't; the first was Polepetes.
Perithous us'd to trim his mother,
And got him; but who got the other
I can't assert, or when or where,
That he was got is pretty clear,
And christen'd too, because his dad
Call'd him Leontous when a lad:
Both from the Lapith's race did spring,
Bold rogues as ever stretch'd a string.
Like two thick posts of oak or firr,
That neither carts nor drays can stir,
(Though drunken draymen drive their dray
Against them forty times a day)
So firmly stood before the gates
This pair of bloods with wooden pates,
Nor car'd a straw what Asius' crew
Of roaring, noisy whelps could do,
Tho' in his front Orestes was
Join'd with a buck call'd Acamas;
And Benomaus did appear
With serjeant Thoon in the rear;
But all the airs that they could put on
Did hardly signify a button;
They threw great broomsticks all in vain,
And got their labour for their pain.

232 THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

The besom-shafts that hit the gates,
 And those that hit these fellows' pates,
 Bounc'd with the very self-same sound,
 From gates and pates upon the ground,
 Which proves that both were sure enough
 Made of the self-same kind of stuff;
 But still these Lapiths fight and bawl,
 And on the Grecian blackguards call;
 Yet they saw the rascals run,
 As English guards by chance have done,
 They ventured by themselves to stay,
 Nor would they stir an inch, not they.
 Like Amadis de Gaul these elves
 Fac'd a whole army by themselves:
 Thus have I seen in bushy grounds
 Two badgers fight a pack of hounds,
 Bite to the bone each forward whelp,
 And make the puppies run and yelp;
 So these two bucks maintain the battle,
 Tho' broomstaves made their noddles rattle.
 Now whilst the Greeks possession keep
 O'th' the walls, they box it ancle deep
 To save their rotten boats and lighters,
 The devil never saw such fighters.
 As when a keen north wind doth blow,
 And brings along both fleet and snow,
 You cannot see so fast it snows
 Above a yard before your nose.

As thick as this, or very nigh,
Brickbats and stones and broomshafts fly,
Spring from their buff-skins with a bound,
And hollow pates and potlids sound.
When Aſius found his labour loſt,
To make theſe hangdogs quit their poſt,
Nor ſtir an inch, do all he could,
He then began to damn his blood;
And in a furious paſſion cries,
Rot me but Jove himſelf tells lies,
Elſe we ſhould long ago have ſows'd 'em,
And either in the ſalt ſea dows'd 'em,
Or fir'd their boats and ſing'd the dogs,
As city butchers ſinge their hogs;
But like a ſwarm of waſps hard preſt,
That gather thick to guard their neſt,
Like them this ſpiteful Grecian fry,
Kick, ſcratch, and bite, and ſting, and dye;
But what moſt frets my guts and gall
Two thickſcull'd ſcoundrels ſtop us all;
'Tis eaſier far to break the gates
Than either of theſe rascal's pates.
Whilst thus he ſum'd as if he'd ſplit,
Jove did not mind his noiſe a bit,
But ſat conſid'ring with great care,
How all the glory he could ſpare
Might fall to honeſt Hector's ſhare;

}

234 THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

And like a taylor pinch'd for cloth
 To make a suit, yet very loath
 To give it up and leave undone
 A job he'd set his heart upon ;
 So Jove who'd promis'd Troy he'd let 'em
 Kick all the Greeks about, and sweat 'em,
 Was rather puzzl'd how he might
 Manage this hubble-bubble fight,
 And not destroy the Grecians quite ;
 But yet he swears, though hard put to't,
 (Like Snip the taylor with his suit)
 He'd find some way to piece it out.
 'The Trojans try'd the other gates,
 And in return got broken pates ;
 Nor was that all so show'rs of stones
 The foremost hit, and brake their bones.
 O Butler's spirit help me out
 To sing each deed and hero stout ;
 How Greece, like battle royal cocks,
 Both gave and took most bloody knocks,
 Whilst all the gods, for whom these sinners
 Had often cook'd up handsome dinners,
 Durst neither wag a hand or foot
 To help their croney Grecians out,
 Not but they long'd to join the riot ;
 'Twas Jove that made the whelps be quiet.

But tho' the Grecian gods were civil,
Yet by th' assistance of the devil,
Or some old Scots or Lapland witches,
This pair of thickscull'd sons of bitches]
In mighty wrath kept boxing on,
And knock'd the foremost Trojans down.
One Damafus a bully rock
From Polypœtes got a knock,
So hard he hit his noddle, that
His brains came smoking through his hat;
Then Ormenus he tumbled down,
And crack'd poor Peter Pylon's crown;
Leontius then began to stickle,
And laid Hippomachus in pickle;
Next wav'd his quarterstaff, and soon
Antiphates came rumbling down,
Just as he stepp'd from out the ranks
He reach'd his legs and broke his shanks;
Iamenus, a Trojan true,
With Menon and Orestes too,
He nick'd them as full butt they came on,
And in a passion laid a lame on.
Now Hector and Polydamas
Were cuffing at another pass,
Back by a blust'ring Trojan crew
Of fellows pick'd, and all true blue,
Resolv'd to fire the Grecian fleet,
And Hector just stark mad to see't.

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As they stood gaping in the air,
A dreadful omen made 'em stare :
A Heron going out to steal
Some fish for breakfast caught an eel,
Which he soon gobbl'd down to fill him,
But did not take much time to kill him,
On which the eel made such a rout,
Within his gut he shrit him out
Just at the very time he flew
Over this noisy roaring crew ;
But the poor heron scream'd so loud
To lose his breakfast, all the croud
Whip'd up their eyes to look, and soon
They saw the eel come tumbling down.
The dreadful sight amaz'd 'em so,
You might have fell'd them with a straw.
The wise Polydamas we find
Rumbl'd this matter in his mind,
But could not from his gizzard pluck
The eel, it in his stomach stuck,
On which he with a sapient look
Thus to his brother Hector spoke :
 Brother, says he, you often swear,
When you my faithful counsel hear ;
And tho' I speak but what I think,
You still will damn, and curse, and sink ;
But I'm a Trojan, and shan't cease
To speak my mind in war or peace ;

All Englishmen that do so now,
The people call them Trojans true ;
Then take my counsel if you chuse it,
If not, you're welcome to refuse it :
'Tis for your credit what I say,
For you command, and I obey.
This day depend you'll never do't,
(Don't swear 'till you have heard me out)
The truth I never will conceal :
This screaming bird that shit the eel,
Jove sent just now to let us know
How matters with ourselves will go :
The bird had gobbl'd up his prey,
But could not carry it away ;
So will it fare with us depend on't ;
I'm sure it will, so mark the end on't :
For though we tumble down the wall,
And fire their rotten boats and all,
I'll eat my hat, if Jove don't drop us,
Or play some queer rogue's trick to stop us.
This by my second-sight I know,
And Endor's witch will tell you so ;
Or if she won't, by holy Paul,
I'll make her conjure up king Saul.

Hector replies in sober sadness,
You'd make a man eat hay for madness ;
Confound you for a conj'ring knave,
Is this the best advice you have ?

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You know much better things I'm clear,
 But dare not speak your mind for fear.
 Did not Jove send down Madam Iris,
 The rainbow wench, whose tail on fire is,
 To tell us we their bones should thwack?
 Then who the devil would turn back?
 Did not his rusty bomb-shell roll
 'Till it half crack'd his mustard bowl?
 And all the noise was to the right,
 Only to egg us on to fight,
 And think you I'll such orders slight,
 Or let a slipp'ry eel god wot
 Tell me if I shall fight or not.
 I own I may a motion feel
 To eat a slice of collar'd eel;
 But eels can never, I've a notion,
 Make Hector feel a running motion.
 A brave man waves his cudgel high,
 Asking no witch the reason why,
 But for his country's cause ding dong
 Let's fly his broomstick right or wrong;
 But for thy part, I'm pretty sure,
 Let who will fall thou'lt sleep secure;
 When all thy friends by scores are dropping,
 Thou'lt find some dirty hole to pop in;
 But if one single Trojan follow,
 Such rogue's examples, by Apollo,

I'll keep this broomstick ready for ye
To crack your noddle in a hurry.
At this he ran, and made a halloo
For all his ragged rogues to follow.
These trusty Trojans one and all
Obey their roaring leader's call,
Run to the wall as well as he,
And shout to bear him company.
Then Jove from Ida sent a gust,
And blinded all the Greeks with dust,
A stratagem he just then thought on
Would greatly help this Trojan Broughton.
Thus back'd by Jove these Roysters batter,
The walls and gates with dreadful clatter,
Pull up the stakes that fence the wall,
And down the dirt and pebbles fall ;
But still the half-blind Grecians yet
Battl'd as high as they could get,
And sent a nimble-footed swain
To beg the tanners in Long-lane
Would lend them all their hides in hair,
And tann'd one's too that they could spare,
With horns and hoofs, all which they laid
To stop the gaps that Hector made ;
Then close, and box it tooth and nail,
Whilst broomsticks fly about like hail.

The two Ajaces stirr'd their stumps,
And whilst they deal most bitter thumps

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Amongst the Trojans, were not slack
To clap their comrades on the back.
The brave recovered soon their fright,
But rogues they kick'd to make 'em fight;
Whilst one employ'd both foot and hand
In drubbing rogues that durst not stand,
The other spoke these words, or near it;
And no bad speech; but you shall hear it:

Ye Grecians, who at country fairs
Have shewn yourselves good cudgel play'rs,
By which you've got both hats and fame,
And ye who hope to do the same,
Tho' ev'ry man can't box his two,
Yet something ev'ry man may do;
The strong good sturdy thumps may deal
To make yon scoundrel Trojans feel,
And roar as loud as they, and louder;
The weak will make good food for powder:
A day is come when great and small
Must look out sharp, there's work for all,
And ev'ry buck that is but bold
May gain new fame, or splice the old,
Hearten the valiant on, and stop
The sneaking rogues that give it up.
Then tune your rusty windpipes all,
And roar as loud as you can bawl;
For tho' we yield to Troy in whoring,
We sure can match the dogs in roaring.

Thus, if Jove pleases, we once more
 May drub 'em as we've done before.
 This speech reviv'd their courage so,
 That show'rs of broken pots they throw.
 Have you not seen a sodomite
 Advanced a very proper height
 Upon a rare machine, which we
 The vulgar call a pillory,
 So fast and thick the crowd below
 Their rotten eggs and dung bestow,
 You see in less than half an hour
 The rogue and pillory cover'd o'er;
 So fast did broken pots and stones
 Fly down to break the Trojans' bones.
 Now Hector and his bucks did strive
 The gates from off the hooks to drive;
 But did not gain of ground one inch,
 Nor would the purblind Grecians flinch.
 Jove quickly saw some help they'd need on,
 So sent his bastard, bold Sarpedon,
 And blew his courage up so high,
 He did not seem to walk but fly.
 A greasy leather coat he wore,
 And high in air his potlid bore:
 A mighty furious targe it was,
 Made of a cowskin tipp'd with brass.
 He shook two broomstaves thick and strong,
 And frowning lugg'd his knaves along.

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Thus have I seen an ill-look'd thief,
 By sailors call'd a press-gang chief,
 Look fierce, tho' by a mob pursu'd,
 And ston'd and hiss'd at by the crowd;
 Yet 'spite of all the distant war
 Seizes some helpless, friendless tar:
 Just so this roaring blade Sarpedon
 His Lycian shirtless rogues did lead on,
 Darting such looks against the wall,
 As if he'd eat it stones and all;
 Then squinting at his trusty friend,
 Who always did his steps attend,
 Thus speaks: I'm sore afraid, friend Glaucus,
 That all the neighbourhood will joke us;
 What boots it then to have it said,
 That we chief constables are made,
 And therefore with churchwardens dine,
 Where we drink beer, and punch, and wine
 Free gratis *, whilst poor rascals gape,
 And as we pass 'em bow and scrape;
 What signifies these honours, if
 We don't exceed these raff and riff
 As much, or rather more in fighting,
 Than either reading well or writing,
 Making the thickscull'd varlets stare
 To see us buy our posts so dear,

* Free gratis,---The common people always put these two words together.

And own we've earn'd by toil and sweat
 More pudding than we e'er shall get ;
 Then will each cry, Such folks may be
 Chief constable, or lords for me ;
 Could all our cares but save our breath,
 Or ward a broken pate from death,
 I would not ask my friend to fight,
 More might be lost than gotten by't ;
 But since grim death will, soon or late,
 Lend us a swinging knock o'th' pate,
 Whether when once the fray's begun,
 We stay to box it out or run,
 And old age with his grizzle locks,
 Add gouty pains t' our half cur'd pox,
 The life that brandy, gin, and claps,
 Will help old Time to steal by scraps,
 Let's boldly risque ; that people may,
 When'er our names are mention'd, say,
 With one consent, both young and old,
 These honest sons are hearts of gold.
 The speech was hardly clos'd when this chief
 Found his friend ready cock'd for mischief.
 The Lycians shake their staves and follow
 Their leaders with a hoop and halloo.
 As they mov'd forward Peteus' son
 Look'd sharp, and saw them coming on,
 Which put him in so great a fright
 His long lank hair stood bolt upright,

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And in his weem he felt a motion
 As if he'd ta'en a purging potion ;
 But what was worst, he hardly felt it
 Above a moment, 'ere he smelt it :
 On which he peep'd about to spy
 If any trusty Greeks were nigh,
 When to his joy he saw the places
 Where Teucer stood with both th' Ajaces,
 Fighting like devils on a row ;
 To whom he roars, Soho, Soho ;
 But might as well have sav'd his wind
 To cool his porridge, for we find
 The clatt'ring cudgels made such noise
 As would have drown'd old Stentor's voice.
 Full on the walls their broomstaves bump,
 And on the gates their brickbats thump,
 Making such fearful din and rout,
 Jove's thunder seem'd but farting to't.
 When thus Menestheus speaks to Thoos :
 Those Lycian rogues to hell will blow us,
 If you don't run and tell th' Ajaces,
 How lamentably bad our case is ;
 Urge them to scamper to our aid,
 For, o' my soul, I'm sore afraid
 Of that same roaring Lycian blade.
 Say from yourself, pray how the pox
 Can he defend his centry box ?

}

And all alone make good his quarters,
 'Gainst such a host of Lycian Tartars ;
 But if hard switch'd themselves they are,
 Beg they will bully Ajax spare,
 Along with serjeant Teucer, who
 Can do good bus'ness with his bow.
 Away he starts, and like a man
 Through all the croud the beadle ran.
 He found the bullies on the plain
 Boxing it 'till they smok'd again :
 To whom he cries, Whilst here you fight
 With riff raff rogues from morn to night,
 Menestheus in a sad condition
 Has sent me humbly to petition,
 That some of you great heroes stout
 Will come with me and help him out ;
 For two great Lycian bullies now
 Threaten to thresh him black and blue :
 But adds, if on this dang'rous pinch,
 You seem afraid these buffs will flinch,
 He humbly hopes great Ajax, you Sir,
 Will come along with serjeant Teucer.
 At this great Ajax fac'd about
 To go himself and help him out ;
 But tho' he was no friend to jawing,
 And knew 'twas time he should be going,
 He thought it proper now to say
 Something before he march'd away ;

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So made this speech : Brave Lycomede,
And you Oileus take good heed
To keep your posts, and both stand fast,
And battle 'till your cudgels last ;
But if ye let your courage fail ye,
Depend these Trojan whelps will nail ye ;
I'll go and drub yon rogues, and then
You'll see how soon I'll come again.
He said no more, but fans delay,
Himself and potlid walk'd away.
Teucer along with him did go,
But got a man to lug his bow,
A ticket porter call'd Pandion,
Who brought his knot for it to lie on.
Now on the wall the Lycians low'r
Like a black heavy thunder show'r ;
The Greeks, tho' drubbs, did sorely grieve 'em,
Hold up their potlids to receive 'em,
Renew the fray with double force,
And roar 'till they'r with roaring hoarse.
Whilst thus they scuffle, Ajax soon
Came up and fetch'd Epicles down,
A bottle friend of this Sarpedon,
But else, a man he'd little need on.
Ajax had pois'd his thund'ring stick,
When he espy'd a double brick
Had tumbl'd from the wall, not two
Of our poor dogs could throw it now ;

Nor even with both hands could raise,
(They made large bricks in former days).
He swung it round, away it fled
Ten yards above the Lycian's head,
Then fell upon the varlet's crown,
And with a rattle brought him down.
Have you not seen the yonkers make
A diving match upon the lake?
Halfpence are to the bottom thrown,
Which he that fetches calls his own,
And that they may the deeper sink
Pop from the trees that shade the brink :
Thus did the luckless Lycian fall,
And nimbly div'd from off the wall ;
But did not when he touch'd the plain
So nimbly find his legs again.
Glaucus was lugging at a stick,
When Teucer gave his arm a prick ;
But as he knew his varlets wou'd
All run first if they saw his blood,
He took good care to hide the gap,
And whip'd it under his coat lap ;
Then finding he must leave the fray,
Like an old fox he stole away.
Sarpedon saw, and it did grieve him
To find his bully forc'd to leave him ;
But his great fury to engage,
Soon made him turn his grief to rage.

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He seiz'd that time his staff to lay on :
A harmless Grecian call'd Alcmaon.
Instant a bloody riv'let flows
From the unlucky varlet's nose,
And as upon the grass he tumbl'd
His potlid 'gainst his jacket rumbl'd.
Sudden the wall the conq'ror shakes,
And pulls up all the hedging stakes ;
With such a force he shook, that soon
Rubbish by pecks came tumbling down,
And made a gap as large and wide
As mother ——'s that wou'd if try'd
Admit, in any kind of weather,
Two troopers on a breast together.
At this bold Teucer twang'd his bow,
And Ajax let a broomshaft go.
The arrow stuck upon his belt ;
The beesom shaft his potlid felt ;
But tho' with rage the stick was cast hard,
Jove swore it should not hurt his bastard.
Howe'er his fury did not slack,
Altho' he drew a little back,
Not with design to run, but that
He might repay 'em tit for tat.
Loud as a bell in Stepney steeple
He thus encouraged all his people :
Lycians who feast on cakes and ale,
Let not your noble courage fail,

Else Trojans will be apt to think
Soup meagre's been your meat and drink ;
You see with many a bitter rap
I've made at last a handsome gap,
But I shall never gain the top,
Unless you help to shove me up ;
Therefore let's join our jowls together,
And pelt 'em spite of wind and weather.
The Lycians heard this speech, and slap
They ran like smoke to reach the gap ;
The Greeks stood stiffly, and as soon
As they came up they knock'd 'em down ;
Nor did the Lycians, tho' so stout,
Force in, or yet be quite kept out.
Thus have I seen within a college
Two learned owls of little knowledge
Dispute for hours, and when they'd done
Leave off as wise as they begun ;
Nor would they in the annual round
Obtain or lose one inch of ground ;
For you'll observe a learned tup,
Tho' wrong, will never give it up.
Just such a stubborn bout this was
To gain or lose the dusty pass.
Many bold Trojans' ribs were smack'd,
And many a Grecian's noddle crack'd ;
Whilst many a nose ran down with blood,
And soak'd these dusty walls of mud.

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Under the Privy-Garden wall
 Two cupboard doors compose a stall.
 Here you may see old Moggy Briggs
 With caution weigh her rotten figs ;
 No cast o' th' scale she gives the boys,
 But sells her ware on equal poise :
 Thus neither Greece nor Troy prevails,
 But stand like Moggy's rusty scales,
 'Till bully Hector thund'ring came,
 And threw his weight upon the beam ;
 Mad as a bull he scales the walls,
 And for his trusty Trojans calls ;
 Come here and bring each man a link,
 Their boats we'll either burn or sink.
 His voice once heard these Trojan fighters
 Bring out their linkboys and lamplighters,
 Not one of all the ragged pack,
 But lugg'd a ladder on his back,
 Which they against the hedges take prop,
 And in a moment reach the top.
 Strait on the walls the Greeks to fright,
 Appear'd to their astonish'd sight
 A fearful and amazing light. }
 Their small remains of courage sink
 To see such shoals of lamps and links.
 Then Hector snatch'd up such a stone
 As Brandy Nanny stands upon

In Paul's church-yard ; it weigh'd I guess
'Bout half a ton, or more or less ;
Ten porters strong as can be found
Would hardly lift it from the ground,
(In these our days of sloth and ease
When porters work just as they please) ;
Yet this as easily he flung
As I could do a dry'd neat's tongue ;
But Jove himself, you'll understand,
Lent him a sort of helping hand,
And in these days great Jove could do
As much as Popish saints can now.
Thus arm'd he ran t'attack the gates,
Tho' rivetted with iron plates ;
The beams were four old barber's polls,
And the cross-bars silk-mercator's rolls
The plank was of the very best,
Purloin'd from many a lemon chest,
Drove thick with heads and points of nails,
Such as you see in country jails,
Where nails are driven all about
To hinder thieves, from stealing out ;
These gates, though stronger gates could not
At such a time of need be got,
Were quite unable to resist
This weighty stone and mutton fist.
With wond'rous force he drove it through
The plank, and broke the bars in two ;

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In twenty thousand splinters shatter'd
The poles, and lemon chests lay scattered.
But what completed all the jumble,
One gate from off the hinge did tumble.
Then Hector roar'd, Have at your pates,
And darted headlong through the gates :
In either hand he shook a stick,
And look'd as if he'd eat 'em quick ;
For strength of fists and breadth of back,
He beat the Giantkiller Jack ;
And moving with resistless force,
Seem'd an o'ermatch for man and horse.
The Trojans with a dismal yell,
Follow'd their thundring chief pell mell,
Whilst the poor Grecians all let fly,
And ran to wipe their breeches dry.

The end of the Second Volume.

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